

THE RIPPER: REDUX

BY

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## CHAPTER 1

### DINER IN THE DESERT

The four wheel-drive vehicle rumbled along the lone highway in the barren expanse of the desert. The sun was scorching hot, and the rock formations towered out of the ground in the distance.

The thin face of the man was grayish, slightly withered from years of stress, the hair on his head, a light brown, but the gray roots visible underneath, covered by the vanity of hair coloring, the sign of man valiantly trying to retain the striking features of his younger years. His eyes were sharp, as if burning their way forwards, and his body was thin, but muscular. The legendary Film Director, Kevin Stone, about 45, perfectionist, blunt, driven, and ruthless, sat in the driver seat. His eyes were locked onto the dirty and sandblasted makeshift sign that listed a short distance ahead. The sign swayed on the dirt road that led off the main highway. Kevin Stone looked across at the young man with a round, baby face, thick black hair, and thoughtful eyes, driving the four-wheel. He was Film Producer, Mike Parson, about 40, a professional, quietly ambitious, and intellectual man. Mike Parson had a laptop on his lap that was currently running a program with, "Department of Defense," labeled across the top of the screen. The detailed maps were constantly decrypting and revealing the pre-determined route that their four-wheel drive was to follow. The small blinking red dot that represented their four wheel-drive

vehicle on the map moved along the marked out route. It led them towards that small dirt road that led off the highway. The thick black line on the map marking the 'route' stopped at the corner, turned and then ran along the dirt road, and right off the side of the map. It was obviously going to be a long drive along this dirt road before they hit their secret destination. Mike Parsons looked at the director.

"Is this the road?" Mike asked as if puzzled by all of this secrecy.

Kevin Stone nodded softly.

"This is the road," Kevin replied sharply.

The four wheel-drive vehicle swung tightly around the listing road sign. It barreled along the dirt road and kicked up a storm of dust that flew around the vehicle if a mini dust hurricane. The dirt road ran in a straight line towards the horizon. There was nothing but flat, empty, dusty earth for as far as the eye could see.

Mike Parson ran his hands over the laptop. The decoding program began running again. A new detailed map appeared on the screen. It had a large blinking dot that seemed to represent the final destination. The sun seemed to scorch every inch of the vehicle as Kevin Stone looked across at the laptop. Kevin Stone's thin lips pursed. He gave a half frown as if to say, "Finally, we have almost arrived." The dust that was thrown up by the tires of their vehicle clouded their vision but they could faintly make out the outline of the building and it appeared to be derelict.

The four wheel-drive vehicle slowed as it drove into the empty parking lot. The paint was peeling upon the diner, its windows were smashed, and there was no one to be seen. The diner had been visibly abandoned for years. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson stepped out of the four-wheel drive. They looked around slowly as if looking for something. Then they walked towards the wrecked, unhinged door of the diner.

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson walked into the diner. There was a large cover of dust upon the tables, chairs, and the large menu board hung on the far wall. They looked over the diner as if looking for a waitress. They looked at each other and sat down at one of tables as if waiting for service.

The four wheel-drive vehicle sat silently in the parking lot. The sun scorched down upon the ground. There was not a sound except for the sound of lightly swirling wind.

Kevin Stone looked at Mike. He nodded as if it was time to go somewhere. They both got up and walked along the counter. They walked past the decades old vending machine filled with packets of molded chips that hung on rusty hooks. Kevin Stone pushed the men's toilet door open, and they walked inside.

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson walked to the urinals. They opened their flies,

and took a long piss. Then they turned and walked to the basins. They washed their hands as if undertaking a precise ritual. Kevin Stone glared into the mirror.

“Do we have to wipe our asses now?!” he questioned sharply.

There was a slight pause. The door of the toilet cubicle directly behind them began to open. Mike Parson looked around to see the wall behind the toilet bowl slowly slide open. The heavily armored soldier appeared in the opening. “Your identities and security clearances have been verified,” he informed them in a strict military tone.

Kevin Stone’s face was non-stoic as if he expected this to happen. Mike Parson in contrast looked stunned.

“It’s about bloody time, and you better have some water in there. My throat is fucking parched,” snapped Kevin Stone.

Mike Parson looked at the heavily armored guard’s automatic rifle.

“There is plenty of water supplied Sir. General Johnson is awaiting your arrival,” the armored guard informed him.

Mike Parson still looked stunned. Kevin Stone had obviously told him nothing.

Kevin Stone gestured forward confidently.

“Lead the way,” he announced.

The heavily armored guard stepped backward into the elevator that was concealed behind the wall. Kevin Stone led Mike Parson around the disgusting looking toilet bowl and into the elevator. The wall slid back into place again behind the toilet bowl concealing any indication of its presence.

The elevator was dropping quickly and seemed to take some time. Mike Parson looked at the wall. There were ten levels upon the board, and they were speeding down the levels quite rapidly. The heavily armored guard stood quietly facing the elevator door. This unnerved Mike Parsons who looked at Kevin Stone.

“Where are we?” Mike asked puzzled.

The heavily armored guard then spoke suddenly.

“Sub level five Sir. General Johnson is awaiting your presence’s shortly on sub level ten.”

Kevin Stone gestured as if to say, “There you go.” The director was clearly enjoyed pulling his subordinate strings as if Mike was his puppet. Kevin Stone was the clearly the Alpha Male.

Mike Parson whispered to Kevin Stone still bemused by where they were and why.

“Kevin Stone, I thought we were scouting the major location for your next mystery project?”

Kevin Stone smiled sharply.

“More a way to get there,” the director replied.

Mike Parson gave a confused expression.

The elevator finally stopped, and the elevator door slid open.

General Karl William Johnson, about 60, forthright, and fit in stature, stood in the tunnel waiting to greet them. The heavily armored guard stepped out the

elevator and then respectively moved to the Generals side. General Johnson looked at Kevin Stone as if the two had met before.

“It is a pleasure to have such an esteemed Director in our presence again Mr. Stone,” he welcomed.

Kevin Stone stepped forward and shook the General’s thickset hand.

“Your previous presentation quite impressed me General, particularly the future opportunities it affords me,” Kevin Stone told him.

Then Kevin gestured to Mike.

“Let me introduce my producer for the shoot Mike Parson,” he introduced.

Mike Parson watched the heavily armored soldiers walk along the subterranean corridors. General Johnson saw the producer’s bemused expression. He grabbed Mike’s smaller hand and shook it strongly. It was a tight, soldiers grip.

“Your first time in a missile silo...albeit a modified silo son,” General Johnson said rhetorically.

“Ah, yes General,” said Mike still seeming bemused.

General Johnson looked at Kevin Stone.

“You didn’t tell him,” stated the General.

“It’s like giving away the killer twist to a film...cannot stand the fuckers who do that,” Kevin Stone said in a tone as if a knife slicing the air.

“A test is ready per your request,” the General informed.

“I’m ready to make cinematic history. Let’s get this beast underway,” Kevin Stone exclaimed with barely contained excitement.

General Johnson led Kevin Stone and Mike Parson along the subterranean corridors. The two Kevlar wearing armored guards that carried high-powered rifles flanked them with every step, quite unerringly for Mike Parson's. The corridors were dull and claustrophobic in nature. Kevin Stone saw that Mike was uneasy at the surroundings. Kevin looked amused by the producer's reaction. Kevin glanced at the armored guards that were escorting them. He whispered quietly to Mike Parson as they headed toward a large reinforced steel door that lay at the far end of the corridor.

"They can't allow us to stray off..."

Mike Parson looked at him as they approached the heavily built door.

"I took five years for me to negotiate to hire it..." Kevin told him.

General Johnson stopped at the reinforced doors. The two armored guards that stood either side of the door looked at the General and then moved aside. General Johnson stepped forwards to the 'finger print pad.' It scanned his rough hands. Then it flashed with a bright green light. Kevin Stone continued to whisper to Mike Parson.

"I would not have even known it existed, who would, unless a certain, 'high profile Congressman' drunk and with the promise of a role in one of my future projects let slip, 'the juiciest state secret he knew.'

General Johnson looked up into the 'retinal eye scanner.' It scanned his deep blue eyes and the green light blinked again brightly.

Kevin Stone added quietly as the General provided voice identification.

"We Directors are always stretching for that new technique...that next ground



breaking format to shoot our films...we all have ego and covet to set the new standards by which further films follow and imitate.”

General Johnson said into the ‘voice scanner.’

*“General Karl William Johnson.”*

The light blinked green. The armored guards subtly flicked the safeties on their rifles as if they would had responded with force had the identification procedure for the General proved ‘negative.’ The door made a large locking sound. They began to slowly open. Kevin Stone whispered.

“To create an entirely new genre of films...a history making groundbreaking method of making films carves your name forever into history...”

He smiled at Mike Parson cryptically. The large reinforced steel door continued to open slowly. Mike Parson eyes were fixed tensely as he awaited to see what lay beyond.

“Both our names...even if it did take a promise not to reveal its existence until the President was ready and I was provided the exclusive first civilian use prior to its worldwide exposure...along with a eighty million dollar fee to secure an eight week hire,” continued Kevin Stone.

The heavy, thick door fully opened and revealed an extremely large, hanger shape, dimly lit chamber. The silhouetted heavily armored guards and civilian dressed scientists moved throughout it. There were numerous equipment stations littered throughout the dimly lit chamber. Mike Parson’s eyes pierced

through the light, and he saw the faint outline of the large halo like structure. It was positioned in the middle of the chamber. Kevin Stone looked over the dimly lit chamber with heavily armored guards and scientists. He looked as if he had visited this place before. He slapped Mike Parson hard on the back. "Even the military has a sense of theater," Kevin said with a sharp smile. Mike Parson glanced at him stunned by the vision. The General said as he began to move forwards.

"My men are already en-route to the destination. They will return shortly with the proof you requested. "

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson followed him into the chamber. The armored guards and the scientist's gave curious looks towards the visitors. Mike Parson was trying to absorb the surroundings.

"If you would follow me to the viewing area for optimal viewing of the platform," General Johnson informed.

The two armored guards that had been escorting them from the elevator had remained at the foot of the heavily fortified doors as if not permitted to proceed any further. The steel doors began to close and the light emitting from the corridor was slowly cut out. The interior of the chamber was very dim. The armored soldier stood to attention as General Johnson approached the cherry picker like viewing platform. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson stopped at the base of the stairs that led into the cheery picker like platform. General Johnson walked up onto the platform. But Mike Parson eyes were transfixed onto the large silver circular platform with a large halo like frame that hung

above it. The silver platform was large enough in size to hold two semi-trailer trucks. General Johnson shared a few quiet words with the Lead Scientist. Then the Lead Scientist nodded and directed his attention back to the semi-circular control panel. General Johnson looked down at Kevin Stone and Mike Parson from the viewing platform. He gestured them to step up onto the viewing platform. Mike Parson eyes did not leave the larger silver platform that was unlike any structure he had ever seen. "You can in his eyes that he thinks this 'thing' is what the Director has hired for eight weeks, and his mind is racing as to what the purpose and function of the larger silver pad could possibly be and more importantly, why Kevin Stone would hire it for a film shoot." The armored guard walked up the stairs of the viewing platform and shut the steel door sealing them inside. General Johnson nodded to the Lead Scientist. The cherry picker like platform flew up into the air, and swung around so it faced the larger silver platform. The halo structure that hung above the larger platform began to crackle as if on fire. The scientist's level of intensity rose as if in anticipation of some great event. Mike Parson looked around at the flurry of activity at ground level. The armored guards within the hangar like chamber were clearly on high alert. Mike was on edge as the series of red lights flashed along the walls of the chamber. Mike Parson looked across at Kevin Stone. The Director looked excited and his eyes were locked onto the large silver platform. The barely contained excitement rushed through Kevin Stone's body. Mike Parson looked across at the seemingly empty silver platform. He could hear the sounds emanating from the halo like

structure as if it itself was being violently twisted.

“They’re coming,” General Johnson announced firmly.

Mike Parson eyes snapped onto the General at the final words. Mike followed the General's eyes onto the large silver platform. The entire platform cracked suddenly as if hit by lightning and BOOMED as if releasing tremendous pressure. A swirl of energy RIPPED around the large silver platform as if a mini hurricane of energy. Mike Parson could not make out any movement within the hurricane of energy. The energy began to swirl upwards like a myriad of serpents into the halo like structure hanging over the large platform. Mike Parson felt himself lose his breath at the wondrous sight. Then his entire body tensed as if caught for a moment in time. His mouth was open and it was dry. The energy dissipated abruptly. The figures of two squads of body armored Special Force's Soldiers stood on the pad. The energy dissipated around them and into the base of the silver platform. They lay tranquilized, on the platform floor, in-between the two squads of special force's soldiers, their thick brown fur bristled, their tusks limp. They were two large, prehistoric, woolly Mammoths. Mike's mouth slowly closed as he watched the fur laced bodies of the Mammoths slowly rise and then descend. They were 'alive.' The Lead Scientist turned from the control panel and reported.

“The scheduled test was successful General.”

Kevin Stone whispered quietly to himself.

“Fuck me. It really does work.”

General Johnson looked at the Director.

“You have the proof you requested,” he told him as if their deal had been sealed.

Mike Parson blinked as he stared at the wooly mammoths. “He was still trying to process what this all meant. You could see the thoughts racing through his mind. “

*“It is a time travel device, but how  
can it exist.”*

General Johnson indicated for the Lead Scientist to begin the recharge of the silver temporal platform. It was time for the primal dinosaurs to return back from where they came. The scientists began working at the assigned gray control panels that lined the chamber. The armored soldiers moved in a semi-circle around the silver platform as a precaution should the Mammoths regain consciousness.

Kevin Stone but looked at the General.

“So what do you think?” General Johnson questioned.

Kevin Stone smiled wryly, and stated.

“We’re going to make a Hell of a film.”

## CHAPTER 2

### STUDIO BOSS

The black Porsche pulled up at the film Studio Gates. The bald headed studio guard moved to the window of the guard station.

Kevin Stone called out.

“Kevin Stone, here for an appointment to see Mr. Jeff Speitzenberg.”

The guard disappeared back into the guard station. Mike Parson looked more composed than he was days earlier at the underground silo, as he sat in the passenger side seat.

“You know, I have no idea how we’re going to secure insurance for this,” he said.

Kevin Stone laughed.

“Let’s just drag the eighty million those military sharks want out of our unbeloved studio boss by giving him the pitch of a life time,” he said with ego lacing his sharp voice.

The studio guard returned and signaled Kevin Stone to drive into the lot. The gate bar moved up into the air, and Kevin Stone sped the shiny Porsche aggressively into the lot.

“It’s an absolute killer,” Mike Parsons remarked with a smile.

Kevin Stone drove his open top Porsche aggressively around the parked sedans and then pulled to a sudden stop in the parking space at the foot of

the main building.

A large body, and dominating demeanor, Jeff Speitzenberg, about 60, and blunt to a fault, sat behind the desk. It lay open on the table in front of the studio boss with, "Government: Top Secret," imprinted across its folder. The sheets with the intricate diagrams for the time travel platform lay across the oak desk. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson sat with glasses half full of wine. The meeting had clearly lasted for some time. Jeff Speitzenberg was sitting quietly as if considering what he had just been told. Then he said in sarcastic admiration.

"Well, the crafty little bastards really built one."

Kevin Stone could see the gleam of interest in Jeff Speitzenberg's eyes. He knew the studio boss had seen the BIG dollar signs. They were practically flashing in the studio bosses eyes.

"And for non-disclosed reasons I have an iron clad contract for the first civilian hiring of the, "Jules Verne Ticket," as it's been nicknamed by the good people at the Department of Defense," Kevin Stone detailed.

Jeff Speitzenberg looked as if he was waiting for the 'catch,' to this seemingly slam-dunk deal.

"How much?" the Studio Boss questioned abruptly.

"Eighty million," replied Kevin Stone.

Jeff Speitzenberg shook his head and laughed.

"That's all...eighty million is a low budget film nowadays...typical government

morons...they build a money making machine and don't even know how much it's worth," he blurted arrogantly.

Kevin Stone knew the time had come to lay down the 'pitch' of his life while he had the Studio Boss on the 'hook.'

"Every tom, dick, and studio will be racing to hire the bloody thing after they reveal it, and the market value will rocket...let's get in while the bargain is going," stated the fat faced Studio Chief.

Jeff Speitzenberg sat back in his large leather chair, and announced.

"What's your pitch Kevin Stone?"

Kevin Stone stood up, and pitched.

*"Just think, want to see the Titanic  
tank it to the bottom of the Atlantic,  
what really happened to Amelia  
Earhart, where those pesky aliens  
really sightseeing around Roswell..."*

Jeff Speitzenberg liked what he was hearing.

He smiled greedily.

"I see dollar signs...lots of dollar signs."

Kevin Stone said with the same greed feeding his sharp voice.

"And I see Oscars in every room of my house."

The Studio Boss took a sip of his wine and stated.



“You have my ear. I’m listening. Give me a name. “

Kevin Stone said one word, simply.

*“Jack.”*

Jeff Speitzenberg looked on bemused.

Kevin Stone walked around the desk and moved to the window. He looked out over the busy studio lot. Then he turned and looked at the Studio Boss. His voice was like a knife slicing, driven, obsessive, and brutal.

*“My pitch, in 1888 a psycho with an appetite for death was on the loose. London was the place, East End was the ground, and Jack the Ripper was the man. My pitch is to go back in time and film the man with the knife stroke for stroke...the legend immortalized on 35 mm.”*

Jeff Speitzenberg slowly smiled at this most surprising and original pitch. He absolutely loved what he was hearing.

“The check has already been signed,” Jeff Speitzenberg told him with a wide smile.

Kevin Stone caught Mike's eyes and they smiled. They both knew.

"They had just signed the deal that would change cinema history, and spawn a whole new era of filmmaking."

## CHAPTER 3

### LONDON

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson stood in the center of the temporal platform surrounded by their film crew and large cases of equipment at their feet. They were dressed in Nineteenth Century attire. The semi-trailer truck was sitting in the center of the platform. General Johnson was standing on the viewing platform. The General gestured strongly for his Lead Scientist at the panel to begin the charge up procedure for the temporal platform. The red lights began to flash around the perimeter of the hangar like chamber. The scientists intensely worked their stations. Kevin Stone looked so calm that he appeared as if he was about to take a simple trip down to the local shops. Mike Parson in comparison took in a long deep breath and steeled himself as if his guts were about to be sucked inside out. The halo like structure that hung above their heads began to make cracking and bending noises, as if it was about to snap. The film crew looked up nervously at the halo structure above their heads. The General looked on with a stoic expression from his elevated position on the viewing platform as he conducted proceedings. Then the halo structure let forth a large BOOM that caused the crew to shudder in fear. Mike Parson jumped slightly at the BOOM. Kevin Stone did not flinch. The hurricane of energy whipped up from the base of the silver platform and whirled around the crew. It pushed the cases of film equipment wildly across the platform, and blasted the faces of the crew as if they were standing in the

eye of a hurricane. Kevin Stone began to lose sight of the General as the hurricane of energy rose in ferocity. The film crew looked up and could no longer see the halo structure above. The hurricane of energy exploded in violent cracking sound as if the halo was breaking in halves.

The crew looked around frightened and fearful to what was happening. The hurricane winds of energy continued to wind around them at gale force power blocking their vision.

Then there was a large CRACKING sound as if the halo structure had SNAPPED. The hurricane of energy slowly began to die down. The film crew's eyes were fixed on the energy winds all around them. The energy winds were beginning to die and they were desperate to see what lay beyond. Slowly, the faint vision of the rusted iron walls, and shabby roof came into view. Mike Parson saw the energy disappear into the base of the platform. Mike's eyes took in the rusted and shabby warehouse. The strongly built men dressed in Nineteenth Century clothing stood within the apparently derelict warehouse. They had watched as the energy had swirled down to reveal the film crew. They now began to move towards the silver platform. The film crew looked worried as they saw the Nineteenth Century and heavily muscle men approach. Kevin Stone wrapped his arms around his body simply as if he was cold, and said bluntly.

"It's chilly."

He stepped off the platform casually, as a tall, wide faced man in Nineteenth Century dress approached him.

Mike Parson watched the director stop in front of the tall man. The film crew warily watched the strongly built men that stood around the platform.

Kevin Stone eyes met Commander Benson, about 35, tall, disciplined, dressed in Nineteenth Century tweed jacket, and leader of the 'film crew security team.'

"The perimeter is secure Sir. The warehouse is ready for your crew to begin setting up," the Commander reported curtly.

Kevin Stone shook his hand.

"Good work Commander," Kevin Stone told him.

Then Kevin Stone frowned wryly and commented.

"Even in the nineteenth century London has bloody awful weather."

Commander Benson laughed lightly. He commented as he pulled the twenty-first century high powered rifle from his nineteenth century jacket. It was a subtle but strange sight.

"And it doesn't get any better."

Commander Benson moved away and began to instruct his soldiers. Mike Parson stepped off the platform and walked across to Kevin Stone. The Director was silent for a moment. The film crew began to move the film equipment off the back of the semi-trailer truck and lugged it from the silver platform.

"The crew is setting up the gear," Mike told him.

Kevin Stone nodded. Then he gestured towards the large sliding front doors of the warehouse. They were closed shut.

“Let’s go,” Kevin said simply.

“Where?” asked Mike curiously.

The two armored guards stood alertly on either side of the doors. Kevin Stone walked strongly towards the front doors. Mike Parson kept pace with the Director.

“To survey the terrain,” Kevin Stone said sharply.

The armored guard at the warehouse door watched the film director and producer approach. He lifted the com-link attached to the top of his armored jacket.

“Alley status!?” armored guard questioned into the com-link.

The hoarse-voice came back over the com-link.

“Not a sole.”

The armored guard nodded firmly to his fellow guard. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson had almost reached the large sliding doors. The armored guards grabbed the sliding doors on either side and pulled them open strongly. The rusty and creaking sound emanated from the rusted doors. The black night filled their vision as the sliding doors were pulled part.

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson walked from the warehouse filled with twenty-first century film gear and into the cold alleyway of Nineteenth Century London.

The warehouse doors slid closed behind Kevin Stone and Mike Parson. They

stood in the cold, dank, and narrow alleyway. They were soaking up the magnitude of the history making steps they had just undertaken. Then they heard a light cough. They turned to see the grubby man lying on the ground with his back against the warehouse wall. He was clearly drunk. His nineteenth century style pants and jacket looked as if they had not been washed for months. There was a half-empty bottle of alcohol in his hand. It was difficult in his current state to tell whether he was conscious or not. The eye of the man drunkenly opened. He stared apparently dazed at Kevin and Mike. He slowly pulled aside his jacket to reveal a twenty-first century high-powered rifle. He gave a quick wink. Kevin Stone gave a quick smile. The alleyway guard pulled his jacket over the rifle again and closed his eyes to descend into a fake apparent state of drunken semi-consciousness again. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson walked along the narrow alleyway towards the street that was filled with Londoners of every description who were carrying on their business on a normal night in London's East End.

Kevin Stone stood on the vantage point overlooking Nineteenth Century London's East End. Mike Parson stood by his side. Stretched out below them were the houses of the East End crammed together, with the smoke, darkness, and scattered light, sailing ships in the distance, and the light sounds of thousands of people filtering up from below. It was an amazing visual scene. Kevin Stone and Mike Parson paused as if soaking up history. It was a reverent moment between director and producer. Kevin Stone

observed the historic landscape that lay out before them.

“The autumn of 1888, London’s East End, described by American novelist Jack London as a social abyss where men live worse than the beasts, and have less to eat and wear and protect them from the elements than savages.”

The director looked slowly over the East End.

“Some 150,000 men, women, and children homeless, another 130,000 are in work houses, and the foggy streets, alleyways, courts and yards are prowled by more than 80,000 prostitutes,” detailed Kevin Stone.

He breathed deeply to soak it all up before commenting.

“Amazing, fucking brutal, but amazing.”

He frowned, and added dryly.

“It’s not difficult to understand why Jack the Ripper chose this place to commit his vicious attacks.”

He smiled as he gazed over the East End again.

He turned to Mike.

“The greatest set you could ever imagine. Let’s go make a movie.”

They turned and walked down the stairs towards the busy and narrow street below.



## CHAPTER 4

### MARTHA TURNER

Mike Parson moved to the door of the warehouse's converted briefing room. It had been clearly attired by the military with the tactical like display screen on the wall, with simple, no fuss chairs, and podium. The crew was talking energetically obviously still excited at the prospect of being back in time.

Kevin Stone stood behind the podium and nodded at Mike Parson who dimmed the rooms lighting. The tactical display came to life with the sketch of a middle age woman. The crew went quiet. The glow of the tactical display screen hit the back of Kevin Stone and spread out giving him a dark, and dominating appearance. The room was deathly quiet. Kevin Stone glanced backward at the sketch of the woman on the tactical display.

"Martha Turner, prostitute, 35," detailed Kevin Stone simply.

The tone of Kevin Stone's words and his dark appearance from the effect of the light hitting him from behind served to pervade the room with a menacing atmosphere. The tactical display changed to a sketch of London's East End.

Kevin Stone began to detail sharply.

"It is August the sixth, 1888, Monday, the Bank Holiday."

The tactical display changed to a century old sketch of a pub in a bustling street.

"Monday evening. Martha had been drinking in one of many of the drinking holes in the East End...her company...soldiers along the Riverside in

Limehouse.”

Mike Parson stood quietly as the crew listened to the director’s words intently and watched the screen. The display changed to that of a sketch of an accommodation house. There was a lack of emotion in Kevin Stone’s voice. It was cold, and analytical.

“As with most prostitutes, they lived day to day...and this night Martha needed a customer for money for a bed.”

The display changed to a centuries old picture of the mutilated corpse of a woman. It was gruesome sight. It seemed so cold, unmerciful and lonely an end.

Kevin Stone’s voice continued to reveal no hint of emotion. He was focused to an almost obsessive level.

“Her body was found with thirty nine knife wounds in it.”

The light, repulsed, and horrified sounds of the crew lofted through the dark room’s air.

“Jack the Ripper had made his debut,” Kevin Stone said sounding almost excited.

The tactical display changed to a sketch of a medical examiners room. The sketch of the doctor stood over the mutilated body of Martha Turner that lay upon the medical table. The sketch of a Police Officer stood in the foreground.

“After he examined her, the doctor said, ‘he knew how and where to cut,’” Kevin Stone detailed.

The tactical display switched back to the sketch of Martha Turner. Kevin Stone's voice tightened like a knife-edge to emphasize the importance of his next words to his crew. It was clear he was determined to make them understand the importance of his next statement to the shooting of the film. "This is the moment where this killing went from a simple death, one of thousands familiar to the East End in its history...and into the territory of the Grand-daddy of all serial killer reigns," detailed Kevin Stone as if slicing into his film crew psyches with a hunting knife. They were unnerved, while he was adrenaline fueled.

There were low murmurs from the crew as if they had grasped the importance of Martha Turner's death. Mike Parson moved to the wall and increased the lightning in the room again. Kevin Stone looked at a particular section of his film crew that was sitting at the back of the room.

"'He knew how and where to cut,' for our audio people, the line is worth more than your organs...and check your contracts because if you miss that line, they become my property and I love my on shoot barbecues," he warned them.

The face of Kevin Stone was tense, and his eyes piercing. "His obsessive focus overpowers the personalities of all around him. He will not tolerate any deviation from his vision. The crew visibly respects but fears him."

The audio people looked subtly down at the floor.

Kevin Stone glanced back at Mike. He moved backward from the podium. He

glanced back at Mike.

Mike took over the briefing and began to detail in a calm tone.

“For the time being, at all times when in the streets of London you are never to utter the words Jack the Ripper. You will refer to him only as, ‘Leather Apron.’”

The crew seems puzzled by the producer’s statement. Then Kevin Stone spoke up firmly to strengthen this particular point.

“The name Jack the Ripper did not exist until he was branded such in the, ‘Star,’ newspaper the day after he took his fourth and fifth victims in one night...the natives cannot hear those words uttered from your mouths outside of this warehouse until that time...I don’t care how drunk you are...we’re here to make a film...not fuck with history...”

Mike informed the film crew.

“Each department will be supplied briefing instructions for the set up, and filming of the first murder.”

Kevin Stone gestured to his personal assistant, about 30, obedient, and with long blond hair, who was sitting in the front row. She had a pile of booklets in her hands.

“The first crew will set up at the first location for the scene in an hour’s time at Commercial Street,” Mike instructed.

The personal assistant handed out the briefing booklets to the film crew.

“While second crew will carry out the prep work for filming tomorrow morning in the Police Headquarters morgue...specifically installation of the hidden

camera,” Mike continued to instruct.

The personal assistant finished handing out the briefing booklets and then sat back down again.

Kevin Stone moved forward, and looked over the film crew.

He told them piercingly.

“My overriding vision is to film the murders of Jack the Ripper for the worlds first of a new genre of films, ‘Historical/Reality,’ movies.”

A small smile came across Kevin Stone’s face as he savored on the exhilarating prospect.

“In the first of a new lucrative genre of film making, ‘historical/reality,’ movies where any major event or mystery throughout history can be filmed in real time, and cut into the structure of a feature film, with characters, and events unfolding with raw historical reality.”

The crew seemed to relax a little at his changing demeanor. Then Kevin Stone’s voice tightened up again. It was cutting as if a final warning.

“And needless to say we cannot just cut during a scene and start again. Jack will be the one doing the cutting.”

He looked over the crew as if he knew what they were thinking.

He added.

“We have all the booze here we need and we can send slabs back through time if we want so there’s no need to go into the pub, BUT, if you do, for god sake, don’t fuck the same prostitutes Jacks going to kill...or else you’ll never

work in Hollywood again.”

Mike Parson gave a small smile.

“If any of you are entertaining thoughts of getting up close and personal with Jack for some holiday snaps...I’ll leave you with what feeds Jack...’an appetite for blood, a love of carnage for its own sake,’ so if you break the rule of non-contact with Jack under any circumstances...I will but have to clean up your corpse and send it home...because I won’t allow one of you to contaminate my vision by becoming Jack’s seventh victim,” Jack told the crew without a hint of emotion.

Kevin Stone looked at Mike Parson as if sharing a private joke as he said aloud to the film crew.

“You think the movie business is brutal? Well, just introduce yourself to Jack.”

There was dead silence in the room.

Kevin Stone turned back to the film crew. He said simply.

“Good, now enjoy the sights for an hour or so. I recommend the Thames at this time of day...then we get to work.”

## CHAPTER 5

### PREDATOR DRONE

The predator drone coated in jet-black paint was near invisible as it hovered in the dark night high above the street. The thick clouds surrounded the drone as the faint figure walked along the street far below. The predator swung around as the cloud momentarily enveloped it. The silent predator's nose fixed camera refocused on the street again.

AUG 6<sup>TH</sup>, 1888. FRYING PAN

PUBLIC HOUSE. 1.30AM.

Kevin Stone stood in the shadows completely concealed from the male figure that was greeting Martha Turner, 35, and prostitute with short black hair, weary eyes, and weathered beaten facial features. Kevin Stone watched Jack the Ripper, about 40, tall, short bearded, black top hat, long black cloak and refined in manner, give the prostitute a kiss on the cheek. Then he suddenly grabbed her neck shocking the prostitute. She could not speak as the gloved grip tightened around her increasingly red neck and he choked her as if wringing the air from her lungs, to death violently. Kevin Stone watched the scene with detached emotion as if he was simply watching a film scene unfolding. Kevin appeared to be waiting for something. He watched Jack the Ripper as he slowly lowered the dead woman to the wet ground. Jack the Ripper pulled Martha Turner's clothes apart and looked at her nude frame like

an artist inspecting the blank canvas upon which he was about to paint his masterpiece. Kevin Stone was watching the scene as if waiting for the 'perfect film shot.' Jack the Ripper pulled his jacket aside cleanly and slipped the long sharp blade out in his gloved hand. He did not hesitate as he sliced open the dead prostitute's body from the navel to the bottom of her breasts. Kevin Stone whispered into the com-link that was attached to the top of his nineteenth-century jacket.

"Wait for my signal to roll cameras. The killing is just boring ordinary stuff...doesn't suit my needs. Jack walking away, mutilated corpse in his wake, the ripper's debut shot is what we're going to begin our film with...real shiver down the spine territory."

The derelict wagon sat on the kerb as if abandoned fifty meters further along the street. The faint outline of Jack the Ripper in the distance sliced his knife into the dead body of Martha Turner with unmerciful rage.

Mike Parson sat inside the fitted out wagon. He sat in front of the three high-tech flat screen displays. The high-tech control room had been fitted into the old wagon's interior. The basic sticky tape that was plastered over the top rim of the flat screens was listed with respectively.

### **"PREDATOR CAM-VIEW"**

This first flat screen display showed the ariel vision from high above the



street.

### **“STEADY CAM 1-VIEW”**

This second flat screen display showed the vision from inside a building that looked out onto the street where Jack the Ripper was now cutting out Martha Turner's organs.

### **“STEADY CAM 2-VIEW”**

This third flat screen display showed the vision from approximately one hundred meters behind Jack the Ripper which currently revealed the murderers arms as they moved violently backward and forwards over the dead prostitutes body as if cutting up a roast.

Mike Parson's eyes had a strange look within them as he watched the flat screen displays. "There is a look in his eyes as if his gut instinct is telling him this is not right. He does not feel as if he is merely watching history unfolding before his eyes as he imagined he would, but rather an uneasy feeling he was watching a brutal murder every bit as real as any other in the present. He was feeling the first tinge of conflicting emotions in what they were doing. Mike Parson refocused himself again on the professional duties of filming a simple historical event."

Mike Parson instructed the crew through his com-link.

*“Steady-cam positions 1 and 2. Jack  
has almost finished his mutilation.  
Ready camera’s to begin rolling.”*

The footage of Jack the Ripper continued on the flat screens, quietly ripping Martha Turner’s body apart.

Mike Parson swung around his chair to face Emma Jones, about 25, hip, extroverted, assistant producer, with short black hair, and green eyes alight.

“Emma, bring the predator down to just above street level and keep its eye tracked on Jack. We’re about to capture our first shot,” he told her.

Emma smiled as her eyes remain fixed on the flat screen in front of her. It showed the vision from the camera fixed to the nose of the predator drone. She pulled the joystick forwards, and the vision plummeted rapidly through the cloudy night and towards the street below.

“Jack’s not the only one doing the stalking tonight. The predators got its eye on him,” exclaimed Emma with an excited smile.

Kevin Stone watched as Jack the Ripper looked over the ripped open and mutilated body of Martha Turner. Jack was satisfied with his work. He slipped the long knife back into his jacket. He calmly stood up, and rearranged his jacket as if readying for a dinner party. His face was concealed by the

darkness. "He is the personification of the faceless terror." Kevin Stone's eyes were trained on Jack with intensity and focus. Jack turned and walked away.

Kevin Stone said in a whisper into his com-link.

"Action!"

The steady-camera operator 1 moved forwards within the shop. The steady-cam was strapped to his chest as he trained the film camera on Jack the Ripper. The murderer passed along the street beyond the window.

Mike Parson studied the vision from the steady cam-1 flat screen. Jack the Ripper moved past the shop window. Mike Parson said into his com-link as his eyes darted across to steady cam-2 flat screen that showed Jack walking along the alleyway.

"Steady-cam 2. You've got enough footage. Kevin Stone does not want Jack's face captured yet. Job done. Now pull back Tom before Jack gets any closer to you."

The vision on steady cam-2 flat screen pulled backward quickly and into an adjacent alleyway.

"Yeah, done, don't need to tell me twice," the anxious voice of stedi-camera operator came back.

Kevin Stone's voice cut over the com-links impatiently.

*"Where the fuck is my main Jack  
debut shot?!"*

Mike Parson looked around at Emma. On the flat screen display the vision of the predator's camera looked down on the street from high above. It was too high in the sky to get a clear shot of Jack the Ripper.

"Emma?" questioned Mike quickly.

Emma pushed forward on the joystick, and the vision of the predator drone dropped dramatically through the clouds, and the sky toward the street below.

"Jack's in my sights," Emma said intently.

The predator drone dropped down in-between the buildings, and stopped to a hover one-meter above the street. Kevin Stone stepped out of the shadow behind the predator drone in the foggy street. The sight of Jack the Ripper was still visible through the fog in the distance as he walked away. Kevin Stone watched as the predator drones camera zoomed out and captured the footage of Jack the Ripper as he disappeared into the fog. The dead body of his first victim lay in his wake on the cold street. Kevin Stone but smiled.

"That's our opening shot, our grabber, the Ripper walking away from the mutilated body of his first victim. We start our film as he started his reign," he said with exhilaration.

Jack the Ripper had disappeared. There was a tone of professional ego and satisfaction in Kevin Stone's voice as he said into his com-link.

"First crew, pack up, and get the footage back to the warehouse."

Kevin Stone coughed lightly in the cold air.

"Mike, get the wagon over to the second location for the night, and organize the second crew...and bring me a big flask of coffee...fucking London weather is freezing me to death," he added gruffly.

Mike Parson switched off the three flat screens one by one in the wagon. He looked around at Emma. She looked at Mike Parson and said sarcastically.

"Nice of him to tell us good work."

Mike Parson gave her a look as if to say, "Yeah, isn't it always the same with Kevin Stone."

Mike told her with a smile.

"I thought you all did great work for the first shoot of the project...very nice work on the predator especially."

She smiled as if to say, "thanks." She looked back at the flat screen of the predator's vision as it swung around, and flew upward from the street and into the sky.

Emma said with a latent excitement lacing her facial features.

"We can grab the most amazing shots with this dude. It was so cool for the military to loan us this. I could follow Jack all the way home."

Mike Parson put his hand to his ear as he listened to the mic chatter from the

crew. Mike thought to himself. "They sound as if it is a great adventure. Emma is obviously enjoying the film shoot too. Why aren't I feeling the same way." Mike Parson brought up the photographic still of Martha Turner's mutilated corpse. He had a look in his eyes as if questioning why he was feeling a sense of unease after their first night of filming Jack the Ripper's murderous reign. Mike Parson stepped up and opened the wagon door.

Kevin Stone stood over the mutilated corpse of Martha Turner. Mike walked along the cold, damp street towards the director. Kevin Stone was standing still; intently studying the corpse. Mike Parson stopped by the director's side. "Even our special effects guys never get it looking this real," Kevin Stone admired.

Mike Parson stared at the corpse uneasily. Kevin Stone commented.

"The scene unfolded perfectly, our star came on location and hit all the marks in one single take."

Mike Parson looked slightly unsettled.

"Except Jack is not a actor," Mike said.

Kevin Stone smiled, and exclaimed.

"I know, even better."

## CHAPTER 6

### JACK'S ENTRANCE

The fog hung like a blanket over the rusted warehouse.

Kevin Stone sat in the chair in the makeshift editing room within the warehouse. He was surrounded by the flat screen displays that were arranged around his Directors chair. The editing staff was working the equipment to ensure the clarity of the vision on the display screens, and the audio feed. The screens were blank, as Kevin Stone watched them as if expecting something to happen. Then the vision of Mike Parson flashed onto the flat screen that faced Kevin Stone. The vision was visibly being relayed from a miniature camera that was fixed to Mike's nineteenth-century jacket. There were two men dressed in maintenance gear walking towards him. Kevin Stone watched the vision silently, and intensely. Kevin Stone watched the display as the two maintenance men stopped and spoke to Mike. Then they passed him something. Kevin Stone said into his com-link.

"Are we ready to shoot? The doc must be nearing the end of his examination of her corpse."

The vision swung around to Mike Parson's face as he pulled the camera on his jacket up and then he turned the camera back towards the front of the building again. It looked toward the city morgue building. The voice of Mike came over the speakers on the walls of the editing room.

*“Under the guise of maintenance  
men replacing a blown globe we  
we’re able to insert a mini-cam that  
will look straight down onto the  
examination table...and the body of  
Martha Turner.”*

Kevin Stone looked at his editing staff as if asking where the vision from that camera ‘was’ then. Mike’s voice came over again. It was more intense.

*“Camera fixed, trained on corpse,  
standby.”*

The vision was not flashing up on the flat screens to Kevin Stone’s great impatience. He waved his arms abruptly. The editing staff was working overtime to get the vision and audio up and running. The flat screens, one by one, flashed with the vision from the miniature camera that looked straight down from the overhead light, and onto the back of the Doctor dressed in a nineteenth century medical cloak. The Doctor leaned over the dead body. Kevin Stone could not hear anything. He shouted abruptly.

“Audio!”

The editing girl looked around. She said quickly in a stressed voice.

“We’re getting both feeds, audio, and visual...nobody must be talking.”



The concealed camera looked directly down on the Doctor as he moved away from the body. The vision looked straight down on the grisly sight of the mutilated corpse of Martha Turner. Kevin Stone smiled in relief.

“Brilliant,” he uttered.

Then the Doctor gestured for somebody else to approach the table.

Kevin Stone told his audio people with anticipation.

“This is it.”

On the flat screen display the vision of the Nineteenth Century Police Officer walked to the medical table’s side. He took off his black bobby hat that revealed the balding top of his head to the camera. The editing room was deathly quiet. Kevin Stone eyes were piercing. The voices filtered from the speakers.

They were those of the Nineteenth Century Doctor and Police Officer completely unaware that their every word was being transmitted across the city to a seemingly derelict warehouse that housed their twenty-first century counterparts.

*“An eerie and piercing moment in  
human history was being traversed.”*

Kevin Stone eyes were obsessive, consumed with anticipation.

*“History was no longer sacred ground. Human evolution and its ascent throughout history could be observed and traveled without true reverence.”*

“Kevin Stone had been told by a very close friend weeks earlier, that he was Neil Armstrong taking one giant leap for mankind, into the last frontier, but the director had disagreed. He had told his friend, ‘Armstrong had not the vision to exploit his defining moment, repulsing the glory, and descending into self imposed personal obscurity. Armstrong had given the moment to humanity and denied himself personal glory.’ Kevin Stone was not taking any small step for his fellow man, for humanity, but one giant leap for his personal filmmaking immortality.”

“What is it Doctor?” asked the Police Officer.

The Doctor paused as if he had found something disturbing about his recent examination.

“There are surgical incisions all over the body. Whoever killed this prostitute knew where and when to cut,” he detailed to the Police Officer.

Kevin Stone watched the footage and smiled with great satisfaction.

His face was proud. His eyes steeled obsessively. His voice cut.

*“History is now just another film  
location.”*

The fog hung lightly over London Bridge. Mike Parson stood on the bridge over looking the foggy Thames. He looked thoughtful. Emma walked along the bridge. She looked ahead and saw Mike Parson leaning on the railing. She walked along the bridge towards him. She touched his arm lightly as she reached him. He looked around.

“Hey babe,” Emma said with a small smile.

Mike Parson was quiet and did not respond. Emma could see something was troubling him. She lent on the railing beside him and looked out over the Thames. It was atmospheric.

“As killer as the view is...” she began to say.

She smiled cheekily.

“It is way too cold to be romantic...so what are we out here for?” she asked lightly.

Mike Parson looked at her as if unsure whether he should reveal his thoughts.

“Do you have any doubts about what we are doing?” he asked.

Emma gave Mike Parson a quizzical glance.

“You mean about tonight’s shoot with Jack and his first victim?” she offered.

Mike Parson had a questioning look in his eyes.

“I thought it would be just like watching a simple history lesson come to life...but it is far more...watching Martha Turner being murdered tonight...she was real and we were watching detached...this is not right,” he revealed as if bearing his soul.

Emma took off her glove and put her soft hand on Mike’s.

“We cannot save those who have already died...everything we film unfolded over a century ago...this is just living history,” she said trying to ease his concerns.

Mike Parson appeared partially eased by her words, but there was still the element of conflicting emotions residing within his eyes.

The guard lay disguised in vagrant garb against the warehouse. He pulled his dirty jacket around himself as the cold air swept along the street. The sun was setting beyond the misty nineteenth-century London horizon.

## CHAPTER 7

### MARY ANNE NICHOLLS

The lights were off in the makeshift editing room, as Kevin Stone briefed the crew on the coming nights shoot. The drawing of Mary Anne Nicholls lay across the large flat screen along with her personal details.

Kevin Stone's voice was impersonal.

"Mary Anne Nicholls, 42, Jack our stars second victim and the most boring murder of the shoot."

Mike Parson worked the side panel of the display screen. The weather map flashed onto the screen.

"The military has undertaken a weather forecast for us and we're going to be hit by rain, real sharp and frequent with nice dashes of lightning," detailed Kevin Stone.

The crew grumbled as they heard this news.

"Great for cinematography...a shitty night to film," commented Kevin Stone.

Mike Parson again worked the side panel of the display. The large detailed map indicating Mary Anne Nicholls movements leading up to her murder by Jack the Ripper was displayed.

"Mary was last seen alive wearing a jolly, new bonnet staggering around the vicinity of Bucks Row," the Director told the crew.

Mike Parson worked the side panel of the display again keeping pace with Kevin Stone's briefing. The nineteenth-century picture of a darkened Buck's

Row appeared. The crew looked at the illustration as if assessing exactly how they were going to film in this new setting.

“You can see the lighting is going to be dim in the street where Jack disembowels his next victim and we can’t use artificial light for obvious reasons...” Kevin Stone detailed.

Kevin Stone’s voice grew more cutting to emphasize his next points.

“I don’t want some red fucking blur when I can get his gloved hands digging into her carved open chest...I want to see the glint of the tools he uses as he cuts her organs apart...so I need some imagination from my camera crew on how to get close enough without bumping the camera into the back of Jack’s head.”

Kevin Stone looked around at Mike. Mike Parson began to detail without fuss.

“It’s going to be a horrible night to shoot...let’s suck it up, water proof our gear and capture the footage we need.”

Mike Parson nodded to let the crew know the briefing was over and that they could attend to their preparations. The crew left the room without looking at the Director. Kevin Stone visibly intimidated them. Kevin Stone remained silent as he looked intensely over the crew exiting the room. Mike Parson moved forwards to Kevin Stone’s side. The long face of the director whispered as the last of the crew left the room.

“This prostitute’s murder is a non-event, but the ripper historian informed me that, ‘ripper-fans,’ make trekkies look tame and would rip us apart on their ripper-geek-net-sites.”

Emma appeared in the doorway Mike Parson subtly waved her away as if to say, “not now.”

Kevin Stone continued.

“So we’re filming this Mary Nicholls, but.”

He added strongly to Mike.

“As soon as he chokes the life out of her, cameras stop rolling and we get back to the warehouse.”

The roll of thunder could be heard from high above.

“We better not loose any equipment over this,” cut Kevin Stone.

The rain was sharp and frequent. The flashes of lightning streaked across the rain laced sky.

AUGUST 30<sup>TH</sup>, 1888. FRYING

PAN PUBLIC HOUSE. 12.30AM.

Kevin Stone stood in the rain with his assistant by his side. He smoked a large cigar as he watched Mary Ann Nicholls, 42, prostitute, and drunk, walk past him. She was visibly searching for her next customer. She looked around at the men passing as if sizing them up. The rain was pelting down upon her. Kevin Stone lifted his com-link subtly to his mouth.

Mike Parson was sitting in front of the flat screens within the fitted out wagon.

The footage that was being relayed from the various camera’s covered Mary

Ann Nicholls drunken walk from three different angles like an ‘actor on a stage.’ Mike heard the voice of Kevin Stone come over the speaker’s.

*“She looks like a drowned rat  
searching for a dry hole to crawl  
into.”*

Emma was holding the joystick still as she held the predator drone in a hover. The nose fixed camera was locked onto the women that stood in the street far below. Emma gave a slight frown of dissatisfaction with Kevin Stone’s crude comments. Mike’s eyes moved across from the predator drones vision to the fellow flat screen. It was trained from the rooftop to the street below following Mary Ann Nichols every movement. Mike’s eyes then glided across again to the vision upon the third flat screen from camera position 2 that looked from the street level, from a distance of fifty-meters, straight across at Mary Ann Nichols. The camera’s had her covered from every angle on her walk of death. Mike Parson watched as Mary Ann Nichols stopped shortly. He sensed Mary Ann Nichols was about to talk to someone. He puts his hand on his head com-link and instructed the audio crew.

*“Boom operator one, ready audio...”*

The camera operator moved across the rooftop with the stedi-cam attached to



his waist. He trained it down on Mary from above. She looked a miserable sight in the sharp rain. The camera operator glanced back at the boom operator who stood behind him with a sophisticated headset. The boom operator moved to the roof top edge and trained the voice-direction finder at Mary below. It picked up Mary Ann Nichols voice from a distance. The voice of Mary Ann Nicholls filtered over the boom operator's headset.

*"You've drunk your bed money again*

*Mary you silly old duck."*

The rain was hitting the direction finder and it crackled as it picked up Mary's voice.

Kevin Stone watched Mary Ann Nichols from street level like a hawk and listened to her words through his headset com-link that was concealed under his nineteenth-century top hat. He barked annoyed into his com-link to his crew.

"I can hear crackles, fuck, water proof your gear."

He gestured his assistant to walk forwards and he began to follow Mary Ann Nichols. She had begun stumbling along the crowded rain drenched street. Kevin Stone and his assistant followed Mary Ann Nichols like dark shadows. Kevin Stone heard Mary Ann Nichols through his head set com-link.

Completely unaware the two people that were following her, listening to her every word. Mary Ann Nichols mumbled to herself gruffly.

*“Another customer for you.”*

At the far end of the street the man in a cloak approached Mary Ann Nichols. They talked, and he laughed. He handed her some money and whispered something in her ear. A girlish smile came across Mary’s face. The man walked away through the rain. Mary shouted after him.

*“Later tonight then!”*

The man did not look back as he put his gloved hand up in acknowledgment, and then disappeared into the night.

The lightning flashed across the rainy sky illuminating the thick gloomy clouds and the black predator drone. The freak bolt of lightning cut straight down through the cloud, the rain and struck the nose of the sleek black predator drone. It was set alight in flames.

The sharp rain pounded down in the alleyway where the wagon sat. The large puddles littered the cobblestone ground and wagon was drenched.

Emma cursed as she pulled the joystick around strongly. Mike Parson saw

the flat screen vision from the predator drone. It flashed with red fire and then the vision went abruptly blank. They had lost the live-feed from the nose fixed camera. He looked around to see the frustrated expression of Emma.

“It copped a lightning strike, the camera’s fried...” she cursed in exasperation.

Mike Parson frowned and swung around again to the remaining two flat screens keen to ensure that they were still receiving live-footage from the remaining camera’s.

Kevin Stone stood in front of the shop in the rain sodden street.

GROCERS SHOP. CORNER OF  
WHITECHAPEL AND OSBORNE  
ROAD. 2.30 AM

He stepped back into the shadow by the wall as his assistant kept her eyes trained on Mary Ann Nichols in the short distance. Then Mike Parson’s voice came over Kevin Stone’s headset com-link.

“Kevin, we just lost our predator cam to a random flash of lightning.”

Kevin Stone cursed.

“I’m loosing equipment to a murder scene that belongs in the deleted scenes section of the collector’s edition DVD that only the film nuts will buy...”

“He had a look in his eyes as if he foresaw this was going to happen tonight.”

Kevin Stone was no longer paying attention to Mary Ann Nichols for the moment. He had lost one his camera angles, and was furiously running

through backup options in his mind. He had to find a new way to secure all the film footage he wanted this night of Mary Ann Nichols murder.

His assistant looked away quickly afraid to make eye contact as the look of obvious fury ran across the Director's face.

The nineteenth-century woman Emily Holland, about 40, and a mess of long red hair, saw Mary Ann Nichols walk drunkenly along the street. Emily ran across and grabbed her friend. Mary looked around at her if only realizing for the first time that her friend was there. Emily hugged her friend, and told her in a worried voice.

*"Polly, you silly old bird. You should have had a place for the night by now."*

Mary Ann Nichols replied with a drunken frown.

*"I've had my doss money three times today and spent it."*

Mary Ann Nicholls looked around the street as if about to share a secret. She whispered to Emma Holland.

*“I have a man where I can spend  
the night.”*

Emily Holland gave the drunken Mary a half a smile, and told her.

*“Look after yourself Mary.”*

The camera operator had the camera tightly concealed within a pony cart as he trained its long lens on Mary. She staggered off drunkenly down Whitechapel Road.

The footage from the two remaining camera's was being relayed on the flat screens in the wagon, as Mike Parson drunk the cup of coffee. He could feel the cold even within the tight confines of the fitted out wagon. The sound of light rain hit the wagon roof audibly. Mike watched the flat screen vision from the pony cart concealed camera as Mary walked towards it, and then moved past the disguised camera operator. Mike Parson had an amazed look in his eye at the marvel of what they were achieving. Filming her every move, without her slightest knowledge. The twenty-first century peering into the nineteenth-century. Emma walked to his back, and looked over his shoulder

at the live footage. Mike Parson sensed her behind him.

“The predator with it fried nose is back at the warehouse...” she said with eyes peeled on the vision of Mary Ann Nichols.

Mike Parson nodded in acknowledgement. Emma eyes pierced onto the flat screen that relayed the live-footage from the pony cart concealed camera.

The camera operator was pulling the pony cart and visibly trying to capture footage of the back of Mary Ann Nichols as she walked away. It was surreal, and Emma shivered at the sight.

She whispered almost to herself.

“I hope audiences shiver at this footage like I am.”

Mary Ann Nichols saw the man in the cloak. It was the same man she had spoken to earlier in the night.

BUCKS ROW. WHITECHAPEL

ROAD. 3.30 AM.

The upper part of the man's body was concealed by a shadow. The rain was continuing to fall sharply. A double bolt of lightning streaked across the sky.

They were alone in the narrow street. They were far away from the bustle of activity in the distance.

All except from Kevin Stone who stood concealed in the shadows along with his assistant a short distance away.

Kevin Stone was drenched after standing in the rain all night. He was holding his arms around his body tightly as if he is about to catch a cold. His eyes were locked onto Jack the Ripper.

Kevin Stone muttered.

“Thank god Jack is here. Now just rip her part so I can get out of this fucking rain.”

Jack the Ripper held out his gloved hand and pulled Mary Ann Nichols under the glow of the street lamp. He himself remained concealed in the darkness.

Mike Parson watched Jack the Ripper on flat screen as the camera zoomed with a long lens from a distance of far away onto the prostitute and murderer. Mike commented on the image of Jack the Ripper as he stood in the dark while Mary Ann Nichols stood in the glow of light.

*“That is the immortal image.”*

Mike watched as Jack the Ripper pulled Mary Ann Nichols from under the glow of the lamp and into that darkness yet again. Jack caressed her cheek. Mary turned her cheek into his hand. He whispered in her ear. Mary giggled like a little schoolgirl.

The voice of Mary Ann Nichols was picked up by the audio crew's voice direction finder and it filtered like a dark whisper over Mike's headset.

*"A right old charmer you are."*

Emma said softly as she watched Mary Ann Nichols stand before Jack the Ripper.

"She is so innocent."

The camera operator tried to move quickly across the rain drenched rooftop to get above Jack the Ripper and Mary Ann Nichols and he slipped. The rain was coming down sharply now. He regained his footing again and brought the camera around again to fix onto the sight of Mary Ann Nichols below.

Mary Ann Nichols bent her knees and reached down to grab her skirt with both hands in order to pull it up.

Kevin Stone looked up to the rooftop where the camera operator was perched with the camera. Kevin Stone said into his com-link questioningly.

"Mike, it's almost pitch black here...I am twenty cold meters away and I'm straining to see them...are we picking this up?"

The lightning flashed across the sky turning night into day. The sight of Jack and Mary was illuminated for a few brief seconds.



Mike's voice came back over Kevin's headset.

*“Every time the lighting rips across  
the sky we're capturing the sight of  
Jack and Mary... the way it is  
shooting naturally is looking  
awesome.”*

With Mary's hands out of the way by her skirt. Jack grabbed Mary strongly around the neck in a vice like grip. The sounds of his leather gloves creaking could be heard as he squeezed her neck violently. Mary could not breathe and she tried to scream but nothing came forth. Her eyes flashed with terror as the life began to drain from her face. Mary's eyes went dull, and her face turned gray. Her body went limp as Jack's hands continued to wring her neck like a wet rag. She hung limp, her body flopping towards the ground as the gloved hand held her in the air like a rag doll. Jack slowly and gently lowered Mary to the rain drenched ground. Jack turned her head to the left. He opened up his cloak, and slipped the long knife from it. He grabbed her neck and cut the knife along it deeply. He straddled her corpse and began cutting feverishly. With care; he slightly lacerated the tongue. With great violence he cut a large wound at the lower part of her abdomen. He cut with frenzy across her face, neck, and sides. He dug his hand into Mary's ripped open body, and

carefully cut her kidneys free. He cradled it in his hand, gave it a kiss as if it was a great trophy and then slipped it into his cloak pocket. He stood up simply and casually walked away as if taking in an enjoyable rainy, night-time stroll.

Kevin Stone turned to his assistant and said simply.

“Get me a flask of strong, very strong, coffee...thank fuck this night is over.”

## CHAPTER 8

### ANNIE CHAPMAN

The various pubs of the East End were rocking to such an extent it seemed as if their roofs might come off. The crowds moved around the East End like a debauched concert crowd.

The air was cold in the warehouse with crew wearing thick jackets. There was genuine excitement in Kevin Stone's eyes as he glanced back at the picture of Annie Chapman. The crew could sense the director had been looking forward particularly to this night's coming murder.

"Dark Annie...otherwise known as Annie Chapman," Kevin Stone's voice cut. Mike Parson looked at Kevin Stone. The producer was slightly disturbed by the director's visible excitement at the woman's coming death.

Kevin Stone began to detail without a hint of emotion.

"There was a time gap of eight days between this one and the last. Jack was getting more impatient about tasting his next piece of prostitute candy. He was quickly developing a sweet tooth and his sweet spot was dismembered blood."

Kevin Stone gestured abruptly towards Mike. Mike Parson worked the flat screen panel. He brought up the live-cam of the East End that was currently layered with fog.

Kevin Stone did not look happy with the live footage of this thick fog.

“Although all this fog lacing the East End tonight hands us a built in atmosphere...it’s gonna kill visibility for our cameras,” he cursed.

Mike announced to the crew.

“So we’re going to have to rely heavily on our audio tonight...hearing what’s happens more than see it.”

Emma moved forwards from Mike’s side and handed the briefing booklets out to the various audio personnel who had expressions of bemusement on their faces. Kevin’s Stone’s voice continued to carry throughout the room.

“We’re going to have to break into Dark Annie’s room and imbed a microphone into the soles of her shoes.”

The audio personnel looked even more stunned.

“The props department will retrieve the shoes from the body after Jack is finished his work,” Kevin Stone detailed curtly.

The props people looked at each other anxiously, but they were far too fearful to voice their concerns. Kevin Stone carried on with his briefing like a tank rolling over all opposition without a blink of the eye. He gestured quickly to Mike. Mike Parson worked the display panel and the live-cam vision of the Thames appeared.

The smile formed across the director’s face, and the excitement was clear in his voice.

“Tonight I feel lucky...as Annie Chapman services a customer while engaging in her life’s profession...a ripper historian informed me of a little known fact...”

Kevin Stone appeared genuinely filled with great anticipation as he detailed. “Minutes after her sexual conquest in the foggy water of the Thames, Annie Chapman exchanged words with a man on the shore believed to be the ripper hours before she met her end.”

Kevin Stone’s hands gripped the sides of the podium even more tightly.

“If we are the luckiest bastards it’ll be Jack and we’ll capture groundbreaking footage of humanities most infamous killer in the midst of stalking his prey through the narrow, cold streets of the East End...” he told his crew.

Kevin Stone gestured for the short, and wide faced, Military Doctor standing by the rear wall to come forwards. The flat screen display changed to reveal the mutilated body of Annie Chapman. The doctor directed his hand to the body and he detailed.

“The abdomen had been entirely laid open, the intestines...had been lifted out of the body, and placed on the shoulder of the corpse...”

Kevin Stone cut his hand across the picture of the mutilated body as if blazing the sight onto film.

“I want one moving continuous shot gliding across her corpse picking all that up, but don’t linger on it,” he said as he glided his hand over the picture as if mirroring a camera movement.

Then Kevin Stone indicated for the Doctor to continue. Mike Parson changed the display to reveal the drawing of Annie Chapman having her head all but severed by Jack the Ripper.

“The knife Jack used was at least five inches long,” detailed the Doctor.

The doctor moved his finger along the neck.

“The force of the cut was of such strength and ferocity her head was all but severed...the blood must have cascaded like a fountain,” he detailed grimly.

Kevin Stone cut in quickly.

“You heard the doc...there’s a great opportunity to capture some stunning visuals as he severs Annie’s head and the blood cascades...that’s the high point of the scene. So for the rest, the carving of her naked flesh...her intestines being dug out in his gloved hands...stock standard stuff...”

Kevin Stone looked at the picture of Annie Chapman’s head being severed.

He announced theatrically.

*“That’s the shot. Cinematic gold.”*

The carpet of misty fog lay across the cold water of the Thames. Annie Chapman, 38, strongly built, and a prostitute walked along its shore with a young man, about 18, and athletic. The moonlight laced the fog and hovered over the Thames giving it a mysterious and alluring quality. The young man looked across at Annie Chapman, who although she was a prostitute, had a touch of class in her manner. He stopped by the shore, and drew Annie in closer to kiss her on the lips. Annie was visibly enjoying the attentions of the young man.

Kevin Stone was sitting with his assistant on the bench by the riverside and

pretending to be nineteenth-century lovers. Kevin heard the voices of Annie Chapman and the young man through his concealed head com-link.

He heard the smooth voice of the young man first as he asked.

*“Why do they call you Dark Annie?”*

Annie Chapman smiled cheekily and replied.

*“Because I do my best work in the  
dark hon.”*

Kevin Stone and the assistant pretended to give each other a light kiss. Then the director’s eyes slid past the assistant and onto the young man as he smiled at Annie Chapman. Kevin Stone liked what he was hearing. He looked over the riverbank and the crowd as if looking for someone. The riverbank was full of women in long corseted dresses and men draped in long black cloaks and top hats. Kevin Stone said into his com-link.

“I can feel it...Jack’s here somewhere...we’ve got three fucking camera’s.”

The figure in a wet suit and with an oxygen tank strapped to their back appeared through the surface of the water that was laced in heavy fog. The camera operator brought his camera up and trained it towards the riverbank.

The wagon was only slightly visible through the fog and it gave a ghostly appearance.

Emma moved to Mike Parson's shoulder. Mike looked over the three separate camera angles that were being relayed onto the flat screen displays. His eyes were fixed on the flat screen that showed the live footage from the camera in the middle of the Thames. The vision looked through the fog and onto the shoreline. The camera operator seemed to be scanning the shoreline as if looking for something. Emma glanced at the other two flat screens that simultaneously captured the sight of Annie Chapman and the young man. The two different camera angles were from a rooftop and a position on ground level that was just a short distance behind Annie Chapman and her young companion. The camera footage from ground level was visibly relayed from a camera concealed and installed within the camera operator's belt designed to allow him to move in closer to Annie Chapman without detection. Mike Parson heard the director's voice filter through the wagon speakers.

*“Jack I’ll be the one standing still,  
staring at the Chapman woman and  
her toy boy...”*

The camera operator in scuba gear waded slowly forwards in the Thames. He trained his camera onto a faint figure, through the fog, that stood on the



shore, watching Annie Chapman and the young man. The faint outline of the figure in the smart long cloak stood a short distance away. The figure's eyes were watching Annie Chapman and the young man intensely.

"It was Jack the Ripper."

Kevin Stone heard the eager to please voice of the camera operator filter over his headset.

*"I have a figure who matches the sketch of Jack the Ripper from the briefing booklet."*

Kevin Stone's eyes flashed. He questioned quietly into his com-link as he pretended to nibble like a lover at his assistant's ear.

"Where!?"

Kevin Stone watched as Annie Chapman playfully pulled the young man into the Thames and the fog. The voice of the camera operator from the Thames cut quickly.

*"Ten meters to your left Sir."*

The breathless excitement coursed through the director. He pretended to kiss

his assistant and whisper into her ear, as he actually instructed his crew through his collar mic.

“It’s Jack...keep him tagged...don’t loose our star.”

The assistant pretended to laugh and replied in a whisper as if this was pre-planned.

“Jack is tagged.”

Kevin Stone eyes turned around subtly onto the sight of Annie Chapman and the young man again. They waded into the water of the Thames. Kevin Stone was now free to concentrate on the ‘scene’ in the knowledge that his assistant was watching Jack.

Jack’s eyes continued to watch Annie Chapman and the young man wade out until they were waists deep in the Thames. The thick fog was concealing them and they could only been seen now if someone was searching intently and knew exactly where to look. Annie Chapman looked into the young man’s eyes and then dipped down under the water. She pulled her body back up again and brushed her wet hair back from her glistening face.

The camera operator waded in the foggy waters of the Thames, unseen, mere meters from the two and kept his camera trained on them. He captured Annie Chapman who gave a quick kinky smile, and she grabbed her skirt and fiddled under the water. Annie pulled up her knickers that were sopping wet.

She grabbed the young man by the belt and pulled him close to her body. Surrounded by the fog, waist deep in water, Annie Chapman ripped off the young mans belt, and rode him hard. The East Enders unaware of their presence, a mere few meters away, walked along the shore of the Thames oblivious. Jack's eyes were piercing as he watched the faint outline of Annie Chapman and the young man engaging in torrid sex. The sigh of great pleasure emanated from the mist. Then Annie Chapman screamed.

The camera operator on the rooftop focused his camera onto the sight of the young man as he waded from the mist, alone, and up the shore while zipping up his pants with a smug smile.

Kevin Stone pretended to lovingly stroke the assistant's face as he glanced ever so quickly over at Jack the Ripper. The murderer watched with a casual glance as the young man walked past. Jack's eyes slid onto sight of Annie Chapman as she waded from the fog and pulled up her strides. She was angry and shouted after the young man.

"How am I supposed to get the money when you toss it in the Thames!"

The young man turned and yelled back.

"You do your best work in the dark remember."

Annie cursed as she pulled herself up the bank. She brushed her wet hair back, and then noticed the handsome man that was standing just a meter away, staring at her.

“And what you gawking at stiff?!” spat Annie Chapman.

Jack replied in a civilized tone.

“A lady treated with such vulgar behavior beyond which she deserves Madam.”

Annie was visibly surprised away by his words. He had completely disarmed her. An involuntary smile came across her face. Then she straightened her wet dress and walked up to Jack. She began to flirt with him.

“I’m sure there are other men who will treat me much more care,” she said. She looked into his eyes. Jack acted flattered but shy.

Kevin Stone watched the two in the short distance intensely. ‘Like a Moth dancing with a Spider.’ Kevin whispered to his assistant.

“She’s sweet talking her way into a mutilation.”

He heard the voices of Jack and Annie filter over his head com-link via the audio device they had secretly embedded in Annie’s shoes. It was Jack the Ripper’s voice, refined, non-threatening, like a butler.

*“Well, that’s very flattering...I’m a shy gentleman by nature.”*

Annie looked as if she had been too forward with the obviously refined gentlemen. She visibly moved back to give him more space. She offered trying to match his refined tone, and trying to elevate her own status, before

such a well to do man.

*“Perhaps if we cross paths on the  
lonely streets of the East End  
again...”*

Jack tipped his long hat to Annie in gentlemen fashion. His tone was measured.

*“Madam.”*

Emma stood fixed to the point in the wagon, behind Mike, watching the flat screens. Her eyes were locked onto the footage relayed from the rooftop camera, entranced, frightened, and stunned in the same moment. Then her eyes slid across to the camera capturing the footage from the Thames. Jack the Ripper’s voice dissipated in the wagon speakers as he walked away.

Emma said in surprise.

“He sounds so civilized...harmless.”

The mist hung over the street as Annie Chapman stopped at the door of her lodgings.

LODGING HOUSE. DORSET

STREET. 1.35AM.

Kevin Stone's eyes were locked onto Jack the Ripper with a strange excitement. Kevin gestured for his assistant to provide her attention onto Annie Chapman as if he did not rate her as important enough to warrant his attention. Kevin fixed his attention solely on Jack the Ripper, the 'star,' of his 'film.' Kevin said into his head com-link with unsettling relish.

*“Someone keep their camera trained  
on Jack at all times, even if you have  
to loose Annie...he’s the star  
here...the prostitute is dead  
weight...until she is chopped up.”*

The first flat screen was locked onto live footage of Annie Chapman. The remaining two flat screens covered Jack the Ripper from separate angles. Emma shook her head as she heard Kevin Stone's voice.

“That mans one liners are akin to Jack slashing his knife,” she remarked. Mike Parson eyes followed the flat screen display. The camera operator at ground level was capturing the vision of Jack, just faintly, through the deep

mist with the aid of long lenses. Mike put his hand to his head com-link and instructed.

*“Camera operator 2. Move with Jack  
wherever he goes.”*

Then he looked across to the second flat screen that relayed the vision from the second angle. It was capturing only the faintest outline of Annie Chapman as she moved towards the door of the building.

Mike Parson held his uneasy feelings of filming the murder under control as he tried to remain professional in his duties. His ‘heart’ felt for Annie Chapman while his ‘mind’ was focussed on following Kevin Stone’s directions. His morality was in battle with his professionalism within him.

“Camera position 1. We’re not picking up much through your lenses...move in a bit closer and go a stronger lenses,” he said tensely.

Annie Chapman knocked on the door of the lodgings. The beer bellied, and apron wearing, Keep, about 45 and brusque in nature, opened the door. He looked at Annie as if he just ‘knew’ by the look on her face what she was about to say to him. She said softly.

*“Take pity on a lady.”*

The Keep stated coarsely, as if dismissing her words and moving on towards what he wanted to say.

*“You’ve been out all night?”*

Annie said with slight desperation in her eyes.

*“My last customer tossed my fee in  
the Thames he did.”*

Annie Chapman gave the Keep a cute smile in an attempt to charm him. The Keep looked as if he had seen this desperate charm act many times before. He spat without a semblance of sympathy.

*“No money, no bed.”*

Annie Chapman watched as the Keep slammed the door shut on her face. She gave a short depressed breath, frowned, and then stumbled off along the foggy street. She mumbled to herself as she stumbled away.

*“Looks like its 29 Hanbury Street to  
sleep it away for you.”*



Jack the Ripper stood still as he watched the prostitute stumble along the street. Annie Chapman looked like a lost little girl from a distance.

Kevin Stone watched Jack the Ripper as he followed Annie Chapman into the mist. Kevin said softly to his assistant as he began to follow Jack the Ripper. "If only I could bottle the exhilaration I am feeling right now for our audience." The Director stalked Jack the Ripper as the murderer stalked Annie Chapman through the misty streets. "A night full of their predator's and their prey."

Annie Chapman stopped in front of 29 Hanbury St. She gave one last look over the street as if hoping for one last chance to find a customer.

Mike Parson watched the live footage of the faint figure of Annie Chapman standing, cold and alone in the mist.

Emma watched the lone woman whose arms were wrapped around her body for desperate warmth.

"She's desperate for company," Emma whispered.

Mike Parson watched with conflicted eyes. He said with a sense of building dread.

"More than just the cold night pervades her soul."

Mike Parson looked across onto the flat screen that relayed the live-footage

of the figure of Jack the Ripper walking into the dirty, empty courtyard. Emma eyes moved onto the vision of the lonely courtyard and she said quietly.

“As such she meets her end.”

Kevin Stone stopped at the entrance to the courtyard, and watched the back of Jack the Ripper. The murderer’s long, black cloak swayed and then Jack walked into the courtyard. “Kevin Stone had a look in his eyes as if this was the experience of a lifetime. The tracking of the most infamous killer in history through the streets of Nineteenth Century London.”

29 HANBURY ST. 5.30AM.

Annie Chapman turned around to see the tall man walk along the street. He seemed seemingly oblivious to her presence. But she immediately recognized him as the refined man she had spoken too on the banks of the Thames earlier in the night. She began to walk across the street and then feigned to stumble. She fell to the ground. Jack saw her sprawled on the ground. He walked over and took her arm in order to help her up. He pretended to be surprised as she turned her face to him. Annie Chapman said as if she had been practicing it in her mind.

*“You really are a Knight in shining  
armor ain’t you?”*

Jack continued to 'act' stunned, as if it was a surprise to cross paths with the woman again. Jack helped her straighten her dress.

Elizabeth Long, about 40, and a friend of Annie Chapman, stumbled from the door of the house across the street from Jack and Annie. Elizabeth looked ragged as the short man appeared at the same door. The red hair man passed Elizabeth the money. She has just finished with a rather vigorous customer. She began to walk away as she looked across to see Annie talking to Jack in the shadows in front of 29 Hanbury St. Annie was talking to the tall man with interspersed smiles. Annie Chapman seemed to whisper something to the black cloaked man. Elizabeth watched as the man gently pushed Annie against the wall. He kisses her on the ear affectionately. Annie Chapman smiled as she enjoyed the attention. Elizabeth heard the mysterious man say to her friend Annie from across the dark street.

*"Will you?"*

Annie's voice carried to Elizabeth like that of an excited little girl.

*"Yes."*

Elizabeth Long said to herself very pleased for her friend.

*“Well, looks like you’ve found you  
prince for the night Annie...”*

The street was deadly quiet and empty as Elizabeth walked along the street and disappeared into the fog. Elizabeth walked past Kevin Stone and his assistant in the shadowy doorway. Elizabeth gave them a curious glance as if she had never seen them before. Kevin Stone tipped his hat like a gentleman to her. Elizabeth then smiled and carried along the foggy street. Kevin Stone whispered to the assistant as he lifted the top hat back to his head.

“I always wanted to do that without feeling like a tosser.”

Kevin Stone's eyes snapped back to Jack the Ripper and Annie Chapman.

Kevin Stone saw the faint figure of Jack as he brutally punched Annie Chapman in the face firstly to stun her. “A ripple of excitement courses through Kevin Stone at the visceral sight.” Kevin said excited into his com-link.

“Jack's into his work. I want to capture every shred of flesh dangling, every single droplet of blood exploding from her severing head. “

The flat screens in the wagon flashed with the brutal images. Mike's eyes flickered from each of the three different camera angles capturing the live

footage of Jack the Ripper. Mike and Emma watched as Jack the Ripper grabbed Annie Chapman around her throat and crushed it before she could recover. Mike Parson trying to keep his emotions in check and to remain professional said into his com-link.

“We’ve got the murder covered from three different angles.”

The layer of heavy mist was clouding the various camera’s vision of Jack the Ripper and Annie Chapman. Emma watched the flat screen that was relaying the sharpest footage from the camera operator that was closest to the murderer and victim. However, she could only faintly make out the figures of Jack the Ripper and Annie Chapman in the mist clouded street. The audio from the brutal struggle relayed via the microphone the audio crew had secretly imbedded in Annie’s shoe the previous night came in loud and clear. The audio eerily filtered over the speakers, unnerving both Mike and Emma.

*“The were listening to the murder of  
Annie Chapman from her very own  
perspective.”*

Emma’s eyes dated from flat screen to flat screen watching the terrifying and hypnotic live murder footage from different angles as she said.

“We’re only picking up there faint outlines through this fog, but audio is loud, clear, and...unsettling.”

Kevin Stone's eyes were a mixture of frustration from being unable to capture footage of the murder clearly and exhilaration at watching a scene unfold live with such brutality that could never be replicated on an actual film set.

Annie Chapman could not breathe much less yell out for help. Her eyes darted with desperation after the faint outline of her friend, Elizabeth Long, who had disappeared into the fog. Jack the Ripper released his grip on Annie Chapman's throat. She immediately tried to gather her breath again to scream. Jack stepped back and swung his arm around powerfully in a baseball like swing.

Kevin Stone breathed breathlessly, and his assistant looked away too afraid to witness the horrific sight.

Kevin Stone whispered with dark thrill.

"This is why I came here..."

Annie Chapman's voice had recovered enough for her to scream for help, when the long knife sliced across her chest and peeled it open.

The camera operator peered over the roof ledge like paparazzi and captured the footage of Annie Chapman's head being severed and the blood spurting.

The blood spurted forth like a geyser from Annie Chapman's neck.

The steady-cam was strapped to the waist of camera operator on ground

level as he daringly moved in closer. Jack stepped forwards again and grabbed the back of Annie Chapman's neck with his free hand. He began to cut her head with his knife hand, in a hacking motion, and severed her head almost clean from the neck so only a thin piece of skin kept her flopping head hanging from her neck. The blood spewed out of her open neck in a fountain of sticky blood. Annie Chapman's limp body fell into Jack's gloved hands.

Kevin Stone instructed into his com-link forcefully.

"All positions fall back...Jack is about to get very cagey."

The camera operator at ground level quickly moved backward out of sight. Kevin Stone and his assistant pulled back through the mist and out of the courtyard. Jack the Ripper looked around quickly in order to ensure he had not been seen. The light in the window behind them flashed on. Jack dragged the dead body along the ground quickly, and into the passageway. The Elderly man looked out the window as if he had been disturbed by something outside. He looked half asleep as if he had been woken by a noise. The elderly man looked out upon the street, and then satisfied there was nothing outside, shut the curtain again. The light turned off. Jack the Ripper dragged the dead body of Annie Chapman with its near severed head flopping on the neck into the backyard.

Kevin Stone's blond hair assistant trailed him anxiously as if afraid that Jack

the Ripper might still be in the courtyard. Kevin Stone walked to the center of the mist-layered courtyard as if to soak up this 'moment' like a football player that had just scored the winning touchdown. "He knows Jack the Ripper has pulled the dead body of Annie Chapman into the backyard to cut her apart."

Jack will not return to the courtyard and they are safe. Kevin Stone had returned to absorb himself in this moment in time. He looked around the courtyard slowly. Then he looked at his assistant.

"There's nothing of interest left to film tonight. Get the crew and footage back to the warehouse...and have the audio guys ready to retrieve the mic from her shoes after Jack is finished. "

The assistant nodded dutifully, and moved away eagerly through the fog.

Emma watched the live cam of Kevin Stone upon the flat screen. The director stood in the courtyard, alone, in the dark. Emma watched the live cam a little puzzled. She turned to Mike Parson who looked mentally exhausted and dejected. The other two flat screens had been switched off and the blankness of the screens stared back dully. Mike's face reflected dimly in the flat screens and the soulless blankness that was reflected back seemed to mirror his soul. "Our Imperial Director is standing in the middle of the courtyard," Emma said. Mike's eyes flickered again as if regaining his senses. He looked lost for a moment. He turned and looked at the flat screen of Kevin Stone standing in the middle of the misty courtyard.



In the backyard of 29 Hanbury Street, Jack the Ripper released Annie Chapman's body onto the ground like a sack of spuds. He dug his knife straight into her clothes and into her chest. He cut straight through her clothes from her chest towards her navel. Jack was getting more violent and vicious by the minute. He put down the knife, and grabbed the sides of her cut flesh, and clothing. He ripped open her chest to reveal her organs much like a child opening a birthday present. Jack's breathing was excitedly quick as if he was in the middle of sexual intercourse within his mind. Jack took Annie's left arm and flung it across her left breast. He picked up his knife again and he pounded into her dead face in an explosion of fists. Then Jack slipped his knife into his jacket, strode across the backyard and out of the opening in the back fence.

Mike Parson walked across the courtyard toward Kevin Stone. The director glanced around at him.

"There might have been a missed opportunity in not shooting him cutting the Chapman woman," Mike offered.

Kevin Stone's face was non-pulsed.

"We would have had to relegate it to the deleted scenes to keep the feature length to ninety minutes duration..." he replied.

Kevin Stone smiled lightly.

"I never stay to long at the party..." he added.

Kevin breathed in one last time as if he had soaked in the 'high point' of the

film shoot. He slapped Mike Parson on the back and he walked towards the exit of the courtyard. He uttered as he strolled into the mist.

*“We secured the severed head  
footage, the rest is nothing special,  
just run of the mill crazed serial killer  
stuff we’ve seen in a hundred serial  
killer films.”*

Mike Parson eyes revealed that he was unnerved by his director’s detachment to the proceedings. Mike Parson also gave one last look around the courtyard. The place that was the last place Annie Chapman drew breathe in her life, and then he too, followed Kevin Stone into the mist.

Kevin Stone and Mike strolled along the misty street.

“But this isn’t a film,” remarked Mike with troubled eyes.

Kevin Stone gave a frown of genuine disappointment, but not of the same nature.

“I know. That makes it even more disappointing,” Kevin replied.

Kevin Stone added with an excited flash in his sharp eyes.

“The best stuff is to come...”

## CHAPTER 9

### THE DOUBLE EVENT

The moonlight bathed the waters of the Thames. Mike Parson and Emma were standing at the railing as they gazed over the water. Mike's eyes were growing more conflicted and pained the longer the film shoot progressed.

"The longer the shoot goes, the greater the war becomes between my lust for professional advancement and my own morality," he said troubled.

Emma could feel the torment growing within Mike's mind. He breathed deeply as if trying to suck the 'life' back into his 'soul.' It felt like it was dying, slowly.

"I can feel it seeping into my soul. The empathy for the victims as I watch them die while we film them as simple actors on a stage," he said.

Emma's face flashed in emotional pain for Mike, and she hugged him to provide comfort. Mike Parson's eyes revealed a man being torn apart from the inside.

The troubled morality seemed to hold his eyes captive as he told Emma.

"I am struggling to reconcile the ethical and moral implications of what this is doing to me."

Emma rested her head on Mike's shoulder. She couldn't bear to see him in such pain.

She tried to caution him lightly.

"If you express disapproval of Kevin Stone's pet project and the methods he

is employing to feed his own substantial ego. He could destroy you within the industry...and me along with it because I would stand by you.”

Mike Parson looked into Emma’s eyes. He was attracted to Emma and was moved by her deep concern for him. Mike felt he could share his inner most thoughts.

“With each passing day I see greater similarities in our director and the monster he is filming,” he shared as if bearing his soul.

Mike Parson was grim as he observed.

“Both are stalking there prey through the streets of the East End, devoid of ethics, emotions, or morality, obsessively, and ruthlessly throwing innocents to the wolves for their own personal gratification...one for murder...one for cinematic fame.”

Emma tried to bring perspective to the way Mike was feeling.

“Kevin Stone is not a villain. He will just do whatever he needs to get the film he wants.”

Emma hugged Mike Parson more tightly, as if more than just the night’s cold was chilling them.

“He wants to break new ground...and push film into new territories, and the people around him are raw tools to wield without remorse, ethics, or morals,” said Emma with displeasure for the director’s methods evident in her voice.

Emma was desperately trying to allay the dark thoughts that tormented Mike’s mind.

“He is just a perfectionist determined to blaze defining pieces of art across the screen that will never be forgotten,” she said as she continued to rub her hand against Mike’s.

Emma gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Then she gave him a comforting smile in the hope that somehow she was helping him.

“He’s not a bad guy...he’s just a great director,” she finished.

Mike held her gaze for a moment and then looked out over the dark water of the Thames with eyes that were just as conflicted.

The sunset had fallen across London an hour earlier.

Kevin Stone stood in the warehouse briefing room. The flat screen display flashed with the dual pictures of the fourth victim, Elizabeth Stride, and fifth victim, Catherine Eddowes.

Kevin Stone briefed his film crew that was tucked in heavy twenty-first century jackets. The army had provided them with everything but workable industrial strength heaters and the London night was unmercifully cold.

“This is the most famous night in serial killer history...this is the night more than any other that Jack carved himself into legend.”

Kevin directed his attention to the display screen which had changed to reveal pictures of the two murders, maps of the paths taken by both of the victims through the night, the location of murders, and the details of the deaths, that were listed alongside each victim’s picture.

“Every film has the money shot. The big grabber. This is the money shot of the entire ripper story...they call it the ‘Double Event.’”

There seemed to be admiration in the director’s eyes as he said almost to himself.

“In the matter of a mere hour Jack took two victims...the first Elizabeth Stride before taking Catherine Eddowes just forty five minutes later.”

Mike Parson and Emma had concerned looks in their eyes as they witnessed the crew being swept up in the director’s admiration for the style of two woman’s murders.

Kevin’s voice was firm and his eyes sharp.

“It was audacious...and so we must be just as audacious...two scenes...two crews...shot just forty minutes apart with our star on the move through the darkened crammed streets of the East End.”

The crew was being fired up much like a ‘football team’ listening to the coach’s pre-game speech.

“Just as Jack lifted his game in this historic night so too we will have to lift our game...our adrenaline will be pumping as his will be.”

Kevin Stone’s eyes flashed as he felt the surge of adrenaline. The crew was under his considerable sway.

“In many ways we will be in sync with the ripper on this night like no others have before.”

The crew was entranced. Mike Parson and Emma were unsettled. Kevin

Stone looked over the crew various faces and breathed.

“This is exciting...”

Then his eyes turned an ice cold, and he added threateningly.

“But if you fuck it up. I will be frightening.”

This night the dim gas lamps cast long shadows, and the ice glow of a deathly full moon gave the night an eerie quality. Mike Parson and Kevin Stone stood in the crowd and watched Catherine Eddowes, 43, an intelligent, scholarly, prostitute with a fierce temper, and visibly heavily drunk, attracting a crowd by doing imitations of a fire engine in the middle of the busy East End Street.

SEPTEMBER 29<sup>TH</sup>, 8.00 PM.

The passersby were watching in a mixture of amusement and bemusement. Kevin Stone was watching Catherine Eddowes drunkenly swinging her arms like she was racing towards a fire. Kevin had an expression on his face as if this was one of the funniest things he had ever seen. Kevin Stone glanced back quickly at the rooftop where a camera operator had a camera lens trained down filming Catherine Eddowes. Kevin whispered so that only Mike Parson could hear him.

“A pissed drunk woman imitating a fire engine in the middle of the street. How could we not film that?”

Mike Parson nodded lightly feigning agreement.

Catherine Eddowes made a large 'fire siren' sound in her drunken voice.

Kevin remarked.

"Even horror films need moments of levity. The audience will be pissing themselves laughing."

Mike Parson watched Catherine Eddowes as if he was watching somebody taking the first steps of a night long 'walk of death.' Catherine Eddowes eyes glazed over, and she suddenly collapsed in a heap on the ground. Kevin Stone looked on with a curious glance, and he saw no signs of life come from the woman for a few moments. Then she began to snore as if in a deep sleep. Kevin Stone gave a small laugh as if to say, 'Now that was a dead set pisser.' The two Police officers in black bobby hats and carrying batons on their belts made their way through the crowd. They stopped before the sleeping and drunken prostitute. They looked her over and the first Police Officer, a tallish man, bent down and put his hand on her arm. He shook her lightly and tried to wake her up.

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson moved away acutely keen to prevent bringing the Police Officers attention to them.

"Madam...Madam!" shouted the tallish Police Officer.

Catherine Eddowes did not stir. But she continued to snore. The tallish Police Officer sighed.

"This is the third one tonight. Flip a coin on who carries her back?" questioned second Police Officer, a pot bellied man.

The tall Police Officer stood back up and nodded in agreement. The pot



bellied Police Officer, took a coin out his pants pocket. He tossed it into the air. He questioned as it spun through the air.

“Heads or tails?”

“Tails,” announced tall Police Officer.

The coin landed on the ground. The pot bellied Police Officer picked up the coin and showed it to tallish Police Officer who then frowned.

“Heads,” said pot bellied Police Officer with a smile.

The pot bellied Police Officer gestured to Catherine’s Eddowes snoring frame.

“At your pleasure John,” he said smugly.

The tallish Police Officer knelt down and picked Catherine Eddowes up in his arms. Kevin Stone eyes were intensely focused as they followed the vision of pot bellied Police Officer. He moved the crowd aside with his baton as the taller Police Officer carried Catharine Eddowes along the street.

Kevin Stone watched them disappear into the night. His were focussed, sharp, as if ready for battle, and it would be a thrilling battle.

“Tonight has all ingredients vital to a blockbuster, the magnetic star in full flight, the lavish locations, the frenetic action, and the gut wrenching tension.”

Kevin Stone gave Mike Parson a smile.

“And tonight Catherine is our tension building machine. That’s her function,”

Kevin announced.

Kevin Stone and Mike Parson stopped a short distance from Bishopgate Police Station. Kevin Stone looked it over as if loving how quaint the

Nineteenth Century Police Station looked. The Police Officers stopped at the front door. The door opened and they carried the drunken Catherine Eddowes inside. Mike Parson looked over the street, police station and facing rooftops, making eye contact with each of his disguised crew. "He is surveying the location to ensure his film crew is ready to film the next scene."

"It'll be quiet while she sleeps it off in the cells for the next four hours," Kevin Stone remarked.

Kevin Stone rubbed his gloved hands together and warmed them up. "There is a sense of rising excitement in the director that is waiting to be released as if a volcano." Kevin Stone looked at the Bishopgate Police Station front door. Mike's eyes followed the director's focussed gaze.

The Director said with a unnerving emotional detachment.

"When the prostitutes face appears in that doorway again. Jack will be at work. The adrenaline will be pumping, and the clock will be ticking down to her death, Jack's slashing knife, and our camera's scrambling to capture every shot."

Mike Parsons listened to his Director quietly. Then the look in Kevin Stone's eyes became pensive. He whispered in reverence.

"The calm before the storm..."

Police Sergeant, about 45, and brusque in nature, moved along the station corridor, and turned to see the drunken prostitute being carried into the grubby cells. Police Sergeant looked at the taller Police Officer.

“Well!?” he questioned in explanation.

“She was drunk to the tits imitating a fire engine in the middle of the street,” his pot belied partner reported.

“Sirens and all,” chirped the tallish Police Officer as if he wished the Sergeant could have been there to see it.

Police Sergeant grunted.

“Wake her.”

The tallish Police Officer lent down and shook Catherine Eddowes. She sleepily and drunkenly opened her eyes a little. She looked at the Police Sergeant.

“What’s your name wench?” he barked.

She said still very drunk.

“Nothing.”

She promptly fell in a deep sleep again.

The vagrant was sleeping underneath the cell window of Bishopgate Police Station. He heard the light singing loft out from inside and looked up to the barred window of the cell.

BISHOPGATE POLICE STATION.

ALLEYWAY. 12.15AM

The vagrant pulled his smelly coat aside, slipped out the small twenty first-century microphone and lifted it up towards the bars to capture Catherine

Eddowes light singing. The audio crew member slipped the microphone back into his jacket quickly, and gave a drunken cough as a middle age Nineteenth Century woman walked past him.

Kevin Stone walked along the dark alleyway toward the large sliding door of the warehouse. The vagrant disguised guard looked up from the ground. He saw the Director approach. He lifted his com-link, and talked quietly into it. The large sliding doors opened and Kevin Stone strode through and then the doors quickly slid closed again.

Police Constable William Smith, about 30, took the last puff of his smoke. He dropped it to the ground and squished it under his boot.

BERNER STREET. 12.35AM.

The building behind the Constable had, "INTERNATIONAL WORKERS CLUB," inscribed across its front. The Police Constable heard the faint sound of a woman filter through the darkness. He looked around to see pale face woman, Elizabeth Stride, 45, tall, and prostitute as she stood on the opposite side of the near pitch black street. She was talking to a tall man with a short beard who carried a parcel approximately 6 inches high and 18 inches in length. The package was wrapped in newspaper. The Police Constable could not make out the man's face in the dark night. "Unbeknownst to the Constable, it was the same man who killed Annie Chapman in the court yard

a few weeks earlier, it was Jack the Ripper.” The Police Constable sniffed and continued his patrol after he had finished his smoke.

“It’s too cold be standing around,” Constable William Smith grumbled.

He stomped his feet to warm himself up and then he disappeared along the dark street.

Kevin Stone walked into the control center within the warehouse. The large flat screen displays were arranged around the walls of the room. Kevin Stone walked past the technicians that worked the high tech audio and visual gear equipment. They were picking up all the visuals and audio from both of the nights film locations. Kevin Stone sat in the chair in the control center. He looked over the displays that revealed both, “Bishopgate Police Station,” and, “Berner Street,” the current location of both future victims. Kevin’s eyes contained an obsessive and ruthless quality. He looked across at the display showing the live feed of Bishopgate Police Station. The vision looked down from the adjoining rooftop. The front door of the Police Station was opening. The Police Sergeant appeared at the door. Catherine Eddowes walked past the Police Sergeant and out into the street. Kevin Stone gestured to the technicians abruptly.

“I want close ups of both Catherine Eddowes and the Police Sergeant...and audio...get me as many last words as possible...the voice of a woman on death row,” he told them.

Catherine Eddowes was near sober again as she turned to look at the Police Sergeant.

BISHOPGATE POLICE STATION.

1.00AM.

“What time is it?” she asked.

“Too late for you to get anything to drink,” he retorted as if reading her mind.

Catherine Eddowes screwed up her face.

“I shall get a fine damn hiding when I get home,” she blurted.

Police Sergeant showed no sympathy.

“And serve you right, you had no right to get so drunk,” he berated her like a child.

Catherine gave him a wink, and said cheekily as she walked away.

“Goodnight old cock.”

Mike Parson watched the frame of Catherine Eddowes as she swaggered away. He walked past the Police Sergeant and began to follow her along the street. The Police Sergeant smelled the cold air, spat on the ground and then slammed the Police Station door shut.

The footage and audio were coursing through the speakers and displays. The amazing and brutal live audio and visual footage were breathtaking. Kevin Stone eyes were fixed onto the displays that revealed the vision of Elizabeth Stride. She was being choked ferociously by Jack the Ripper in the shadow of

the pitch-black alleyway. There was an aroused gleam in Kevin Stone's eyes as if this was a 'dream come true.' "You can almost see the image of an Oscar reflecting in his eyes. He can taste it." Elizabeth Stride was helpless in Jack's neck crunching gloved hands, and she was visibly taking the last few breaths of her life. "Her Life is coming to a sudden End."

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for Elizabeth Strides final close up," Kevin Stone announced as if conducting an orchestra that was approaching its crescendo.

The vision on the display screen from the camera with the use of its long lenses looked down on the street from a distance. The camera footage zoomed onto the two figures. Elizabeth's face was large on the flat screen display as it progressively turned a dull gray, and the last vestige of life evaporated. Kevin Stone watched the prostitute's contorted mouth as she took her last cold desperate breath, and then her eyes turned dull and lifeless. She fell limp in Jack's gloved hands. Kevin Stone instructed simply, and quickly.

"Long shot."

The vision on the display screen zoomed back to a 'long shot' that showed the faint figure of Jack the Ripper as he stood in the night. His gloved hands held the limp prostitute above the ground. Kevin Stone sat back and gazed at the image that looked like a 'classic, atmospheric villain portrait' caught in time. Kevin Stone was completely smug within himself.

He said as if reveling in how great a visionary and groundbreaking filmmaker

he was.

“The classic villain shot...they’ll never imitate this.”

Kevin Stone, the great director, was coursing through his intense eyes.

Louise Diemshultz, about 50, and a salesman of jewelry led his pony and cart along the street into Dutfield Yard.

DUTFIELD YARD. 1 .OOAM.

Louise Diemshultz felt his pony rear back as he reached the passageway. He looked at his pony that appeared to be afraid of something ahead in the passageway. In the dark; Jack’s hand slid quietly across Elizabeth’s dead heart. He pulled his knife up and looked up to see the old man with the pony and cart at the entrance to the deathly dark passageway. The old man grabbed the pony’s reigns as it began to make fearful noises. Jack was not moving, as he remained crouched over the partly mutilated body. It was clear Jack had been interrupted before he could finish his work. He watched the old man peer into the pitch-blackness of the passageway. Jack assessed whether the old man could see him. The old man’s eyes were looking all over the passageway as if he could not make anything out. Jack was controlling his breathing. The old man released his grip on the pony’s reigns and began to walk forward. Jack quietly stepped up and moved a step back from the dead body to the wall. Jack’s cold eyes that were filled with the vicious lust for death followed the old man as he probed in the darkness with his whip. Jack’s



gloved hand tightly clenched the bloodied knife and readied to strike. The old man was completely unaware of Jack's presence. Then the old man felt his whip hit something solid on the ground. He probed the solid object and realized it was a woman. Louise Diemschultz said ruefully.

"Bloody drunk or asleep. "

Louise looked annoyed that a drunken person blocked his path. In the pitch-blackness he could not see that she was dead. Jack watched as the old man walked back to his pony and gripped the reins in an annoyed fashion. He pulled the pony around and began walking towards the, "INTERNATIONAL WORKERS CLUB," building on the opposite side of the street. Jack looked at the partly mutilated body of Elizabeth Stride with an insatiable lust for violence. "He is not satisfied and still lusts for more violence, more cutting, more defiling." Jack looked across at the old man and pony as he knocked on the door of the building opposite. It was obvious he was about to bring people back any minute. "Jack knows he cannot finish his work with Elizabeth Stride." He slipped his long bloodied knife into his jacket and slipped out the back of the passageway.

Mike Parson watched Catherine Eddowes as she attempted to chat up a young man in the distance on the East End Street.

EAST END STREET. 1.20AM.

Mike said into his com-link that was latched onto the nineteenth-century

collar.

“Tell me your watching.”

The voice of Emma came back over his head-link.

“Look up babe.”

Mike Parson looked up into the night sky. He made out the faint outline of the predator drone as it soared high above like a black eagle, hovering and waiting to strike for prey.

“The military tech guys just got it back to me...I’ve got my eye on you...Jack’s across town opening up Elizabeth Stride,” Emma’s voice came over again clearly excited to have her toy back.

Mike Parson breathed a light sigh of relief, as if the presence of Jack the Ripper in close proximity to him was what he feared the most. Mike looked along the street again to Catherine Eddowes as she continued to attempt to chat up the young man.

The young man was visibly not interested and walked away. Catherine Eddowes visibly cursed and then continued her search for a customer through the ice glow of the night. Mike Parson followed the second target for the night, with instructions from Kevin Stone not to lose sight until she met Jack later. He kept his distance as overhead the predator drone tracked Mike from high above.

He felt safer knowing Emma was watching him as much as watching Catherine Eddowes, lest Jack the Ripper decided to turn up earlier.

Mike Parson followed Catherine Eddowes along another East End Street as she moved closer and closer to Mitre Square and the 'unspeakable brutality' of the 'end of her life.' Mike had a look in his eyes as if he felt he had the capacity to save her at any moment from the slaughter that waited, and that it was even crueler to just watch as she walked towards that death.

Mike switched off his com-link, and whispered to himself, not wanting anyone to hear his tortured state.

"I feel my soul shaking as we throw innocents to the wolves for our own personal gratification."

Mike Parson watched as Catherine Eddowes wandered under the glow of the single gas lamp in the alleyway that led into Mitre Square. The glow of the lamp glowed off her face. "Mike Parson watches from the shadows with a look of great conflict in his eyes." "This is the 'last moment' where he can save Catherine Eddowes from death." Mike painfully drove his emotions aside, and forced himself to remain professional. Then he stood still, concealed as Catherine Eddowes walked forwards out from under the glow of the lamp and back into the darkness again, towards Mitre Square. Mike Parson said softly, and as professionally as possible, trying to hide his conflicting emotions from Kevin Stone into his com-link.

"Kevin. The character is entering the final location."

Then Mike Parson lent back against the wall as if he had just betrayed his 'soul' and now felt 'lost.'

There was complete silence in the warehouse room as all eyes fixed onto the display screens that relayed the live footage of the lone frame of Catherine Eddowes. Kevin Stone watched thrilled as she walked into Mitre Square that was drenched in darkness. In the shadows the faint figure of Jack the Ripper stood silently, menacingly, watching the lamb to the slaughter prostitute walk across the empty square. Kevin Stone's eyes were entranced. "They are the only two human beings in the square. Predator and prey. A real life film scene is unfolding with tension that cannot be manufactured in any Hollywood thriller." Kevin Stone barked into his com-link to a camera operator.

"Close up on Jack. Now!"

The crew tensed as Jack the Ripper with a look of animalistic 'hunger' in his eyes walked from the shadows of the square.

Kevin Stone barked into his com-link to a second camera operator.

"Wide shot."

The vision on the display screen pulled back to a long, wide shot of the dark square. Catherine Eddowes walked across the square towards the far exit.

"Extreme close up, Catherine's face," barked Kevin Stone again.

The camera footage zoomed up Catherine's face as she heard the sounds of the footsteps behind her. She turned around and saw the glove hands snap around her neck.

Kevin Stone shouted with an intensity that seemed to equal Jack the Ripper's.

"The eyes. I want the horror in her eyes!"

The crew watched with awed eyes as the display screens revealed the horrified eyes of Catherine Eddowes. Jack was uncontrolled and violently insatiable. The grip he had on the prostitute's neck was so powerfully that it was snapping the neck like a twig.

Jack pulled the prostitute into the air, and shook her like a rag doll.

Catherine's Eddowes eyes revealed the most profound helplessness as her body hung above the ground. She was unable to 'run' or 'fight.' The crushing grip on her neck did not even allow her to breathe let alone scream for help. The life evaporated from her flailing body quickly. Her body fell limp and Jack dropped her body to the ground, ripped out his still bloodied long knife and dove on her body like a starving, ravaging animal.

Kevin Stone's eyes watched the largest central display screen. Jack drove his knife into her chest and ripped it open like a pig for market. He broke into a frenzy of cutting, slashing, and stabbing to the dead bodies, neck, face, arms, legs, and side torso. Kevin Stone said with unbridled excitement as if they were filming a Lion feasting on an Antelope in wildlife documentary.

"It is the human equivalent of a blood thirsty Vulture feeding on a rotting corpse."

He was professionally thrilled with the amazing footage he was securing.

"It is sickening and brutal sight in one," he added.

Mike Parson ran towards the wagon with the sweat dripping off his forehead.

Emma looked around as she heard the wagon door open. She saw the tired sight of Mike enter. Her hands gripped the predator drones joystick. She shared a quick glance with Mike Parson as if she was also sickened at the footage she was watching. Mike's eyes looked pained, hollow. She looked back upon the display screen that showed the overhead vision from the predator drones nose fixed camera. It captured from high above the footage of Jack the Ripper as he sliced off Catherine's Eddowes left ear and slipped it into his pocket; a memento. Mike's eyes fell onto the predator drones display as Jack slipped his knife back into his jacket.

Emma zoomed into close to Jack the Ripper's face. The crazed eyes gleamed. Jack's eyes revealed a state of insanity as he drove his gloved hands into Catherine Eddowes bloody insides. Emma and Mike Parson watched as Jack then stepped up, and walked with blood dripping off his gloves. He walked to the squares far wall. Jack wrote with blood soaked gloves on the wall in a frenzy of motion.

*"The Juwes are the men who will not  
be blamed for nothing."*

Mike Parson stood on the street outside the wagon rubbing his cold hands together. The wagon door opened, and Emma walked down the stairs. She immediately wrapped her arms around her body in the cold night.

“What’s up?” she asked.

“I need to ask you a great favor,” replied Mike quietly.

Emma saw Mike’s deeply trouble eyes. She looked at him with a questioning glance. She asked with apprehension.

“What is it babe?”

Mike Parson looked at her deeply. He looked into her eyes pleadingly.

*The predator drone soared through the nighttime clouds as if following the path of something in the cramped East End Streets far below.*

The interior of the wagon was empty apart from Emma. Her hands were clenching the joystick and her eyes were locked onto the display vision from the predator drone. Its nose camera was fixed onto a figure dressed in a top hat and long cloak moving through the crowd. Emma looked unsure if she should be doing this.

Jack the Ripper walked quickly across the street and into the train station.

The train was pulling up at the station platform.

The predator drone hovered in the night sky above the station. Its camera

fixed onto the train that sat at the platform. The smoke from its lead engine billowed into the night air.

Mike Parson stood in the street by the wagon with his head bowed as if inwardly steeling himself.

Emma pulled the joystick around and the predator drone vision swung around and followed the train as it pulled away from the platform.

The predator drone soared through the night tracking the lone train as it moved through London far below.

Mike Parson breathed deeply and looked up into the sky with fearful eyes.

Emma watched the camera vision of Jack the Ripper. He walked away from the station and into the empty dark streets. She whispered to herself.

“What am I doing?”

The predator drone flew low just above the housetops as the figure of Jack the Ripper walked along the high fence line of a mansion grounds. He stopped by the late gates, pushed it apart slightly, and slipped through. The predator drone dropped down to just a meter above ground level at the foot of the steel gates. The nose fixed camera zoomed out and captured Jack the



Ripper as he walked up the driveway, unlocked the Mansion front door, and disappeared inside.

*“It was Jack the Ripper’s residence.”*

Emma walked down the wagon steps, and slowly to Mike’s side. She said quietly; clearly conflicted and fearful for Mike Parson and what he planned to do.

“The monster is in the lair.”

“Where?” asked Mike quietly but eagerly.

“It’s a mansion, 13 Chester Road, Cornwall,” Emma said simply.

Emma paused and said with subtle worry for Mike.

“Please don’t do anything silly.”

Mike Parson remained silent for a moment. Then he said lightly.

“I’m just going to watch.”

The glow of the lamp illuminated the sign on the Mansion’s intimidating steel gates.

“DRUITT ESTATE. 13 CHESTER ST, CORNWALL.”

Mike’s figure stood silently alone under the shadow cast by the large tree of the mansion grounds. He was watching the windows on the first level of the mansion. Mike’s eyes were intense as they gazed out of the shadow. He

pulled the binoculars from his jacket and lifted them to his eyes as if to gaze upon, "Satan" himself. He watched Jack the Ripper with his back to him as the murderer sat at the dining table with his sister, mother, and father enjoying a late evening dinner. He sat as if the most civilized person you had ever seen in the most civilized setting. Mike Parson lowered his binoculars as if he had just gazed upon the most gruesome 'sight' imaginable. He mouthed at the indignation of this monster in this civilized setting.

"You monster..."

## CHAPTER 10

### MARY KELLY

The picture of Mary Kelly lay on the mammoth flat screen behind the figure of Kevin Stone. “Kevin Stone has the look of man obsessively determined to finish his film symphony of the murders of Jack the Ripper with a final note of perfection. The filming of Mary Kelly’s murder.” The crew looked tired after the long and exhausting film shoot but was eager to give there ‘all’ to this final night of film shooting.

“Black Mary, the most famous victim in serial killer lore,” Kevin Stone announced.

Mike Parson changed the display to reveal the destroyed body of Mary Kelly in her small room.

Kevin Stone detailed as if describing a special effect that had been arranged for a film set.

“She was cut up as if a specimen for dissection. Bits of flesh hung on the picture nails and wall.”

Kevin Stone glanced back at the picture of the young, attractive woman, and observed dryly.

“It was more like a slaughter house than a room.”

The display changed to reveal the drawing of two Police Officers. Kevin Stone gestured to the Police Officer closest to the hovel in the drawing. The officer

was leaning towards the window of Mary Kelly's hovel as if about to look inside.

"Ignoring his superiors orders Constable Dew looked inside Mary's window, passed the bread and soft drink bottles, the print of, 'The Fisherman's Window,' and onto her naked body," detailed Kevin Stone.

The chill struck the crew again for the first time in days. The chilling realization that they were in close proximity to such horror, and a vile, irredeemable, crazed mind.

Kevin Stone's voice lowered as if speaking the very words of Constable Dew.

*"He later said, 'what I see when I push back an old coat and peep through a broken pane of glass into the sordid little room which Kelly called her home is too harrowing to be described. It will remain with me as the most gruesome memory of the whole of my Police career.'"*

Kevin Stone's voice strengthened again and he looked back at the film crew.

"The Police Officers deduced Jack spent some two hours cutting Mary Kelly up so they'll be plenty of material to work with."

Emma walked forwards and began passing out the briefing booklets for the

coming nights film shoot. "This is clearly the most important scene of the entire film shoot." Kevin Stone whispered something to Mike. Then finished off his address to the crew.

"After the detectives undertook their preliminary examination it took the doctors six hours to piece her organs and shreds of flesh together enough to resemble a dead human corpse...so you can fully grasp the magnitude of the assault you are about to witness...so nobody eats until we finish shooting the final scene...god knows we don't need chicken and peas lacing the screen as we capture one of the greatest moments in history...the reveal of the Ripper." The crew was chilled, Kevin was obsessive, Mike was trying to keep his inner torment under control. "He felt as if he was losing his mind and he wasn't even fighting for it."

The red hair fell back in a long mane, and her young blue eyes peered into the night. Her young attractive body carried her forward, Mary Kelly, a well-spoken Irish girl, walked away from her residence.

NOVEMBER 8-9<sup>TH</sup>. MILLERS

COURT. 7.30PM.

She saw the familiar face in her next-door neighbor. The twenty-five year old Mary Kelly gave her neighbor a wave and shouted out slightly drunk and boisterously.

*“Whatever you do. Don’t turn out like  
I did!”*

The next-door neighbor gave a small smile as if she had heard this from Mary many times before, and that was the young woman’s sense of humor. Mary Kelly said aloud as if talking to herself as she wandered out of sight.

*“It’s about time I got enough  
money and went home to  
Ireland.”*

Kevin Stone moved forwards from the shadow of Millers Court. He lifted his collar com-link to his mouth, and breathed.

“Mark Kelly is entering the set, for the last performance of her life.”

He walked into the passageway and followed his female star. He watched the long red hair sway as she walked into the street, and he whispered.

*“All camera’s, start rolling.”*

The “Britannia” pub was packed with sailors, prostitutes, and men from the East End. It was a riotous atmosphere. In the middle of the pub Mary Kelly was drinking with a young man who appeared respectable. Mary was extremely drunk.

BRITANNIA PUB. 11.00PM.

Kevin Stone sat at the table with a large jug of beer. He took a swig and gave his assistant that he had dressed, like a nineteenth century prostitute, that he was having jolly old good night of London’s East End with, a big kiss. Then he glanced across at the sight of Mark Kelly with two men on either side of her trying to gain her affections. Kevin Stone smiled and thought to himself, “she will probably win a best actress Oscar for this night and never even know it.” Kevin looked towards the window and across the street to the ledge of the opposing building. The faint outline of someone was on that ledge, moving, as if scrambling for better a look.

Kevin whispered hard into his com-link.

“Camera operator 1. If you don’t have the long lens on Mark Kelly now, I’ll have your balls.”

The figure on the ledge lifted the camera, and pointed towards the window of the pub. The voice filtered back weakly over Kevin’s com-link.

*“Camera trained on Mary Kelly, long lens.”*

Then the voice broke off as if afraid to be rebuked by the obsessive director again.

Kevin Stone fake lifted the beer jug again as if having the time of his life, and said as he fake smiled.

“Fucking incompetent film crew.”

He fake ran his hand up assistant’s leg, as if a nineteenth century customer flirting with his prostitute. Then he glanced subtly across at Mary Kelly again and whispered.

“Look at her, she’s a fucking star, all we have to do is get her on camera.”

Mary Kelly was boisterous, flirting, and very drunk. The sailors were crowding around her as if she had them in the palm of her hand.

Mary Kelly was leading the four sailors that were each carrying a pail of alcohol towards the busy pub that lay in the short distance ahead.

DORSET STREET. 11.45PM.

The Dorset Street Pub was rocking, as customers swarmed through its doors and hung around drunk outside, on the corner of the East End Street.



The man stood with a rather large coat, as he lent against the pub, underneath the second story window.

DORSET STREET PUB. 1.00AM

The voice cut sharply from seemingly inside of his black top hat.

*“Audio ready?”*

It was Mike Parson’s voice. The audio crewmember cringed as the passer by looked at him as if confused exactly where that voice had came. The audio crewmember coughed and mumbled as if it was him talking to himself. He flicked the switch in his jacket pocket turning the sound down. The audio crewmember smiled at the crowd, and they walked on as if he was insane. Mike Parson’s voice came again questioningly.

*“Audio?”*

The audio crewmember watched the group as they passed around the corner. He was finally alone again in the dark street. He whispered into his head-link. “Two many Londoners. I am alone finally. Ready.” He subtly lifted the tip of the hand held mic from his jacket and lifted it towards the window.

The sound of Mary Kelly engaging in sex and the groans and pleasurable

sighs of the sailors filtered out the pub second story window. After some time, the sounds of sex dissipated.

The audio crewmember heard Mike Parsons voice.

*“Mary’s about to make an  
appearance. Stall the mic.”*

The audio crewmember slipped the hand held mic under his large jacket. He looked up at the window, and waited.

Mary Kelly looking semi-exhausted and sweaty appeared at the window. She took in the cold, fresh air through the open window and she appeared in her element. She lightly began to sing a soft song as the night air hit her face.

The two sailors appeared at the window by her side and put their arms around her waist. They kissed her softly on either side of the face. The rain had slowly begun to fall in long waves upon the street and the pub.

Then Mary disappeared back in the room along with the sailor’s and the energetic sounds of sex rose up once again.

Mary Kelly looked exhausted but very satisfied as she walked along busy Commercial Street.

COMMERCIAL STREET. 2.00AM

She looked luminous within the crowd. Jack the Ripper moved through the crowd wearing an immaculate top hat and dignified suit. His eyes were but for 'one soul' within the bustling crowd, like a spider attracted to a luminous butterfly, 'Mary Kelly.' Jack's eyes were excited as if he felt had 'must' own this 'rose' and so 'crush its light.'

Kevin Stone stood within the crowd, his eyes obsessively fixed onto Mary Kelly. Then his eyes locked onto Jack the Ripper intensely, almost in admiration.

Jack walked powerfully towards Mary Kelly. This immediately captured Mary's attention. She seemed drawn to the tall man that stood out from the crowd. Mary Kelly stopped in the middle of Commercial Street. Jack stopped in front of her. They looked into each other eyes and recognized the wild energy that 'lurked' within each of them.

"There's something familiar about you," Mary Kelly said to the man whose eyes were laden with intensity.

*"The crowd passed around these two figures that were seemingly kindred spirits and 'time' itself seemed to recognized this moment of destiny and slow to capture its essence. "*

"They call me Jack," Jack replied simply.

Mary Kelly quipped.

“Jack...you must have the girls running away nowadays with that unfortunate first name.”

Jack laughed as if sharing the joke about his seemingly unfortunate name.

The refined voice of the handsome man seemed to sing softly into Mary Kelly's ear as if serenading her mind.

*“The ripper has done me little favors  
with the East End lady lately...but  
you're not running.”*

“Jack views this prostitute as a ‘rose’ among the ‘shrubs’ of the East End prostitute population.”

Mary Kelly's eyes lit up and she said cheekily.

“They call me Black Mary...I'm a real moth to the flame.”

Kevin Stone's eyes were enthralled.

“Mary Kelly dances words with Jack the Ripper, flirting with this handsome man, she senses a magnetic wildness permeates within,” Kevin Stone said as if adrenaline charged.

The piercing blue eyes of his assistant watched similarly entranced.

Kevin Stone said in reverence.

“A moment in history, two souls magnetically drawn together, in the most

horrific murder to grace this Earth.”

Jack gave a smile. Mary had pushed the right buttons. “Jack has found the ‘canvas’ on which to paint his ‘masterpiece.’ He has been ‘waiting’ for this very girl.” He put his arm around her back and they walked along Commercial Street together. They stopped for a moment under the glow of the street lamp. Jack put his hand on her cheek. She kissed him. She whispered.

“I’ve lost my handkerchief.”

Jack handed her his handkerchief. The clock ticked over the hour on the clock tower. They moved together towards the street sign that lay on the wall in the short distance.

“MILLERS COURT.”

Kevin Stone followed with his assistant and he breathed.

“A night of brutal horror and sublime beauty.”

The street was quiet. The faint light was visible from behind the curtains of Mary Kelly’s hovel.

13 MILLERS COURT. MARY

KELLY’S RESIDENCE. 4.00AM.

The first camera operator moved to the window of the small hovel in readiness for a 'close up shot.' The second camera operator stood in the passageway in readiness for a 'long shot.' The audio crew moved in the shadows towards the hovel. They were circling the hovel like predator encircling prey. Kevin Stone watched from the shadow of Millers Court with frenzy inside his obsessed eyes.

Mary Kelly lay naked on her bed. Jack was sitting on the edge of the bed. His jacket hung on the hook of the door. His top hat sat on the table by the bed. Mary was relaxed and aroused. She took Jack's hand and ran it over her breasts, neck, and waist.

"I don't think there is anywhere left you can kiss me," she whispered.

Kevin Stone could barely hear Mark Kelly in his head link. He barked quietly to his audio people as they leaned towards the hovel, nervously holding their hand held mic's.

"Clear up that audio people, I want to get her screams...this has to play in multiplexes."

Jack the Ripper paused for a moment. He said softly, and seductively.

*"The foreplay is over. Close your eyes so I may have you whole."*

The convulsion of sexual excitement coursed through Mary Kelly's naked form. She closed her eyes and waited to be pleased. Jack stood up, walked over to his jacket, slipped out his long knife, and walked back to Mary simply. Jack sat back down on the side of the bed. The excited smile formed across the face of Mary Kelly, her eyes closed, and her body tingling as if she was about to be pleased beyond her dreams. Jack the Ripper sliced his arm up into the air and cut powerfully across Mary's neck leaving a deep gash. Mary's eyes flashed with shock and terror. "She knows in this moment that it is 'Jack the Ripper,' but it is too late to even scream for help." The blood spilt out the sides of the deep gash on her neck, and stained the pillow red. Mary only had the time to lightly grasp Jack's wrist before the loss of blood sucked the life from her eyes and her naked body. Jack stepped up from the dead body and walked back to the door. "His eyes have a look as if the 'calm' before the 'storm.' He is about to explode in unimaginable violence." He grabbed the furniture and pushed it into the door to block it. He turned to look at the dead body that was a mixture of sticky red blood, and deathly white skin. "A look flashes in Jack the Ripper's eyes that is more animal than human." Jack breathed deeply. He moved across the dark room and sliced his long knife into Mary Kelly's naked stomach. Jack cut through her flesh strongly as if gutting a fish and ripped open her chest. He thrust his hand into her bloody insides and squeezed her heart in his blood laced grip.

Kevin Stone held the small-hand held flat screen. But all could see was the blurred vision of Jack the Ripper as he wildly cut into Mark Kelly. Kevin Stone barked with fury, as if channeling Jack's frenzy, as if in sync with the killer. Kevin Stone was determined to slay his prey, the filming of Jack the Ripper in his finest, most brutal moment, the slashing of Mary Kelly.

"Zoom in closer to Mary, I want to get Jack's slashes...I can only see he's damn arm and back moving from here!"

The first camera operator moved in closer to the window with great fear as the curtain flapped lightly. The camera operator poked the very edge of the camera lens through the gap in the curtain. Jack the Ripper was so lost in his unfathomable rage that he failed to notice the small twenty-first century black lens a few meters behind him. The camera operator whispered with white-knuckle terror.

"A dictator...I feel like a subject always inches away from the guillotine with one false shot outside of Kevin Stone's obsessive vision."

Jack the Ripper held the heart of Mary Kelly tightly as if squeezing the juice out of a lemon and he cut it loose. In maniacal fashion as if painting a brush across a canvas. He slid across her insides to rip her kidneys free. He placed her heart and kidneys on the table beside his top hat. He gripped her body and furiously cut out her breasts with a circular incision. He placed the breasts on the table by the heart. Jack held Mary Kelly's dead head steady as he cut off in succession her ears, nose, and eyebrows rendering her face into



a horrific looking mask. "A beauty deformed in cold, deliberate fashion." Jack the Ripper went wild again in a slashing frenzy across Mary's horrific looking face, arms, legs, and the sides of her body.

The heavy fog hung enclosed around the old wagon, as if wrapping itself around, and strangling it.

Mike Parsons watched the horrific vision on the flat screen as if his very soul was being sliced, with every vicious cut, and slash of Jack the Ripper's long bladed knife. Mike grabbed the com-link and said with almost desperation.

"Kevin, do we really need to capture any more footage of this mutilation, Jack is a monster."

Kevin Stone's sharp voice, slightly frenzied, clearly obsessed, cut back, almost off hand, distracted, with his attention clearly fixed onto Jack the Ripper, as if he only heard only Mike out of the corner of his attention.

*"Jack's not just a monster...he's our  
star and he's going to drop swag of  
Oscar's into our laps."*

The Directors response had come almost like reflex reaction. It was reflected from his raw, natural aptitude towards the film shoot. That it was all a 'mere stage play, and the female victims were actors on a stage.'

Emma had a sick look on her face, like she too, was finally overcome with revulsion.

The painful look of revulsion and disgust engulfed Mike's face, as if the horror had finally dismantled his defenses. His morality had been stripped from his soul, and he shut off the flat screens, one by one, as trying to 'drive' the horror away from his mind, his soul, and his very being.

He breathed with horror.

"I can no longer watch while we throw victims to the slaughter for our own professional gratification."

Jack the Ripper leaned back and spread Mary Kelly's legs apart. Jack cut out her vagina with digging thrusts. He placed the vagina on the table. Jack's eyes turned ice cold as he looked slowly over the brutally mutilated corpse that was beyond human recognition. "One could not tell any longer if the corpse belonged to a human from simple glance." "Mary had been ripped apart sickeningly like an animal." The body parts of Mark Kelly lay on the tables around the cramped and squalid room, and flesh hung off the nails on the wall. "Jack's eyes gaze upon the body now devoid of life, innocence, and body parts with a look in his eyes as if his demented lust had finally been satisfied."

Kevin Stone gestured abruptly to his crew.

"Move back, now, now."

The camera operators and audio crew slipped behind the back of the hovel with terrified urgency. Kevin Stone moved into the passageway and into the shadows, completely concealed from the view of the hovel. He knew Jack the Ripper would not flee from the hovel in this direction. The military Special Forces teams had recon the murders, the movements of Jack the Ripper, with highly detailed recon information, two weeks before Kevin and his film crew began their journey to Nineteenth Century London. Kevin had known every detail of Jack's movements from the beginning of his reign to the end. Kevin Stone had felt supreme from the moment the military had passed him the Jack the Ripper recon brief. Kevin had felt like Jack the Ripper was his victim and the camera was Kevin's weapon. In a few short seconds when Jack the Ripper appeared from the window of that hovel, he would finally take his victim, Jack the Ripper.

Jack the Ripper slipped his bloody knife into his jacket, picked up his top hat, pulled his jacket back on, and with a quick brush aside of the curtain disappeared through the window.

Kevin Stone held up his small hand-held camera. The curtain pulled aside to reveal history's most infamous serial killer. The camera lens zoomed onto the face of Jack the Ripper. The moonlight cast across the face of the murderer for a brief moment. The camera lens captured the moonlight face. Then Jack climbed out, and turned away, and the darkness enveloped the face once

again. Kevin smiled. He lowered the hand-held camera to his side as if a priceless artifact. Jack the Ripper walked out of view, down the side alleyway, and away from Kevin Stone.

Kevin Stone held the camera, and his were eyes triumphant. He had completed his masterpiece. His insatiable obsession had finally been satisfied. He breathed as if the greatest moment in his professional life.

He whispered to himself as if he will never inhabit this glorious moment again.

*“The shot of immortality.”*

His eyes flashed in unbridled excitement. He exclaimed in victory.

*“The reveal of Jack the Ripper.”*

Kevin walked from the passageway and into Millers Court again. He stopped in front of Mark Kelly’s hovel. Jack the Ripper was long gone, disappeared along the alleyway, and vanished into the darkness. Kevin stared after the alleyway and the darkness. He would never see Jack again. His eyes bore into the darkness as if searing the ‘moment for all time’ into his consciousness.

Kevin Stone’s eyes slowly narrowed, and he barked over his link.

“Pack up boys and girls, that’s a wrap!”

Then he whispered to himself smugly.

“They will never emulate my greatness.”

Mike stood in the night. He looked shaken. The door of the wagon opened and she walked down the steps.

Emma said in relief, “That is it. Kevin has called a wrap. We’re finished. We’re going home.”

Mike’s conflicted, and distant eyes gazed into the night. The war that raged between his professional advancement and morality had reached its apex within his tormented mind and soul. Emma looked at him terribly worried.

“Are you okay?” asked Emma.

“No...I need to clear my mind,” replied Mike.

Mike turned to her, and said.

“One last favor.”

Emma asked afraid.

“What?”

“I need a pair of your binoculars again and one of the hand held mics,” he told her.

Emma stared at him, with her great fear realized.

“I just need to watch him one last time,” he added seeing her concern.

Emma looked into his eyes.

“Just tell me why?”

Mike eyes flashed in pain, and he breathed.

“My soul is tortured. It can’t end like this.”

Emma maintained his gaze, and then she nodded lightly. He nodded in great thanks. The emotion coursed through both of them.

Emma ran back to wagon, disappeared inside, and reappeared again with high-tech binoculars and hand held mic. She handed it softly to Mike. He seemed almost afraid to grip them, as if he would change when he did, and then his hand tightened around them.

Emma looked into his troubled eyes. She whispered.

“I love you.”

Mike said confidently.

“I will see you in an hour.”

Mike watched the second story window of the mansion from underneath the shadow of the large tree with high-tech binoculars. Jack the Ripper sat at the office desk, and the candle illuminated his face. Mike lifted the high-tech hand held mic and listened. Jack the Ripper lifted the pen and then began to write a letter with visible emotion. Mike’s eyes were sharp, and obsessed as he watched Jack in his study. The murderer looked dishelved, almost pitiful. Jack the Ripper’s mouth began to slowly move as he read the letter out aloud, and painfully.

Mike held the small hand-held mic towards the window. The voice of Jack the Ripper came over Mike’s com-link.

*“Since Friday I felt I was going to be like mother and the best thing for me was to die.”*

Mike Parson slowly lowered his binoculars. His eyes stared ahead, and his body tense.

He whispered.

“It is exactly like Kevin said.”

Mike watched the window intensely. Jack the Ripper stepped up, leaned over, blew out the light of the table lamp, and the office descended into darkness.

Mike’s eyes remained fixed onto the dark window.

“You are going to kill yourself tonight.”

Mike looked away. His eyes dulling, as if washing the life and emotion away from him.

He stated coldly.

“There are no more murders.”

Mike’s voice was weak, listless as if scarred.

He said slowly, deliberately.

“But you took me as your final victim.”

Mike’s eyes stared emptily ahead.

“You murdered my soul.”

## CHAPTER 11

### I LOVE YOU

The alleyway outside the warehouse was empty. The guard was nowhere to be seen.

The military guards walked onto the silver pad where the film crew was waiting to travel back home. The semi-trailer truck laden with film equipment sat on the pad in-between the crew. The swirl of hurricane energy rose, the sounds of the halo structure above the pad bent, and let forth a cracking sound. The soldiers, film crew, and equipment flashed in the explosion of energy and then they were gone. Kevin Stone stood at the silver pad, looking at where his crew was seconds earlier. He knew that they would already be back in the familiarity of the twenty-first century. Kevin looked as if as waiting for someone. The Commander waited nearby to escort him onto the silver pad.

Emma walked into the dirty warehouse bathroom. She saw Mike Parson with his jacket hung on the adjoining sink. He washed his hands in the moldy sink vigorously. He seemed to be in a world of his own as if something terrible had shaken him. She saw the red coloration in the water as it washed over his hands.

*"It was blood."*



Mike Parson sensed Emma standing behind him. She walked to his side. He knew that she could see the blood running from his hands. She kissed him on the side of the head lovingly. She appeared to know what he had done. She said softly as if forgiving him.

“I love you.”

Mike Parson was visibly moved by Emma’s gesture. She was sharing his pain, forgiving him and providing a brave display of love, when he was in such visible torment.

He whispered back with a voice on the brink of crying.

“I love you...”

The warehouse was as empty as it had been when they had first arrived weeks earlier. The only thing that remained of their presence was the silver time-travel platform. Mike Parson and Emma walked from the bathroom. They walked towards Kevin Stone. The Commander saw the two approaching and moved onto the pad and readied it for transport home. Kevin Stone gave Mike Parson a light nod.

“All ready to go?” Mike asked.

“Yeah,” said Kevin with surprising calm.

Kevin, Mike, and Emma walked towards the silver pad. Kevin Stone stopped after a few steps and looked back towards the large sliding doors that led into Nineteenth Century London.

“I hope we didn’t fuck it up,” Kevin offered.

Kevin Stone appeared thoughtful about what they had been doing for the first time. "There is emotion in his eyes. He no longer has to hold to his obsessive director's eye. He is letting his guard down now his professional duties are complete, and allowing his humanity to contemplate Jack the Ripper's terrible acts, and the deaths of the woman, beyond the form of a simple film shoot."

"Nah, we got it down, every shot," Mike said trying to read Kevin's different manner.

Kevin shook his head.

"That's not what I mean...Jack."

"The apparent monster the Director appeared to be with his ruthless detachment in the face of such horrific acts is falling away to reveal his closely guarded humanity and emotion within."

"Nah," replied Mike.

Kevin seemed reflective.

"We saw him flee the Kelly woman's hovel if that's what you could call it...I hope she was the last...we didn't change anything."

Mike eyes flashed strangely, and then he said with surety.

"The Kelly woman will be his last. History will stand."

"Are you sure?" asked Kevin as if hoping it to be true.

"Pretty sure," Mike replied simply.

Kevin Stone nodded softly hoping Mike Parson was right. "The Director had never killed anyone, but was simply obsessive in capturing his vision to film. The veil of the monster has fallen away to reveal the humanity hidden inside."

They walked towards the pad again. Mike Parson looked ahead dully. Emma held his hand. "The look of humanity has disappeared from Mikes eyes." They stood on the silver pad as the hurricane of energy swirled up from its base. There was a tear in Emma's eyes as she held onto Mike's hand as if also trying to hold onto his humanity. The hurricane energy was ferocious and engulfed the four figures. The halo structure above their heads began to bend and then a large cracking sound exploded as if it had snapped in halves. Then they were gone, the four figures and the silver pad and all that remained was an empty derelict warehouse.

The water of the Thames was still. The moonlight pierced through the thick clouds of the dark night and over London Bridge.

The body of the man lay at the bottom of the Thames, looking up with lifeless eyes, towards the surface. The long cloak floated around him. His body listed in the water and turned to reveal the bloodied back. The deep knife wound, scarring the cloak and flesh. He was struck from behind.

*"It was Jack the Ripper."*

The ferry glided along the moonlight waters of the Thames and over the body of Jack the Ripper, unaware that beneath its hull, lay the monster whose horrible reign had mysteriously ended.

THE END.